



Accessions

151.630

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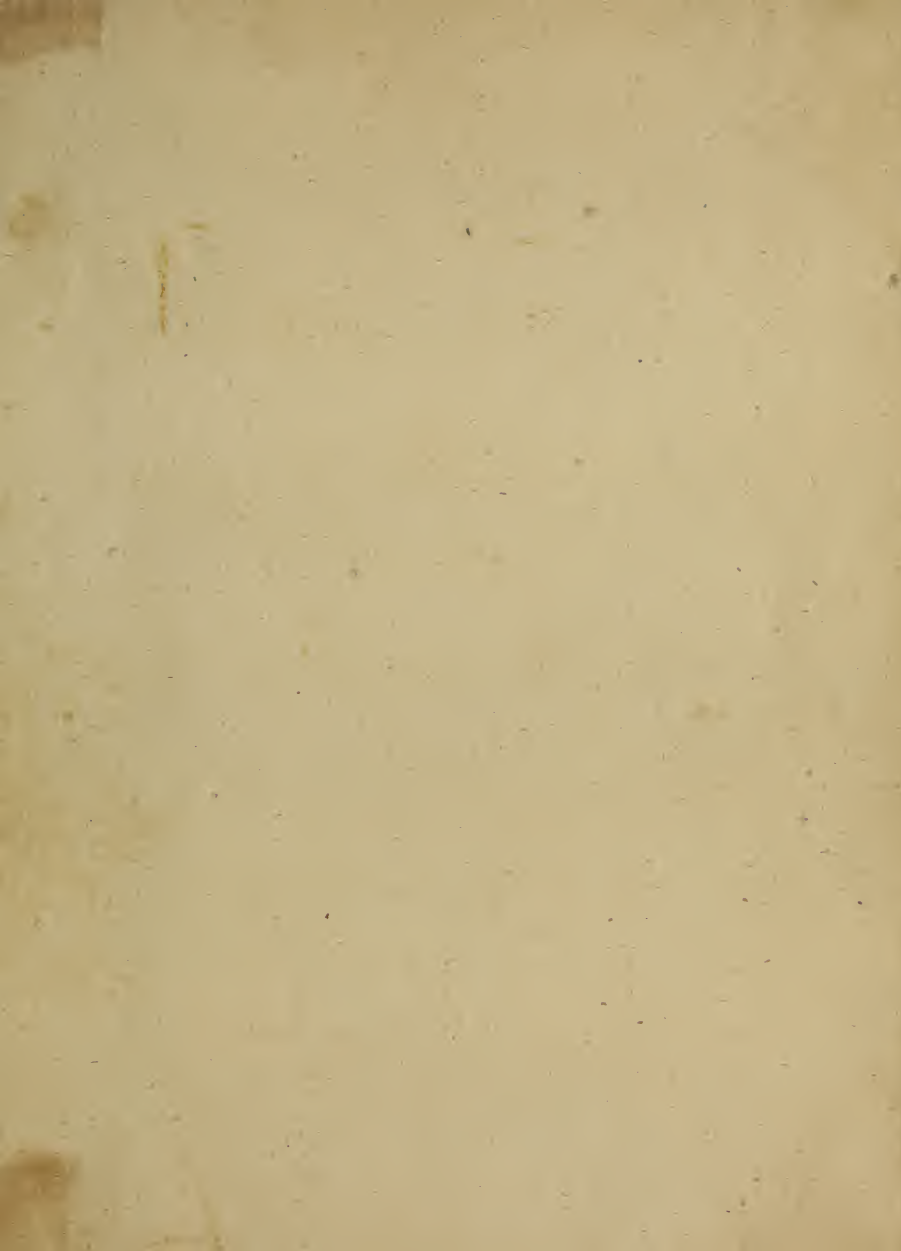


Thomas Pennant Barton.

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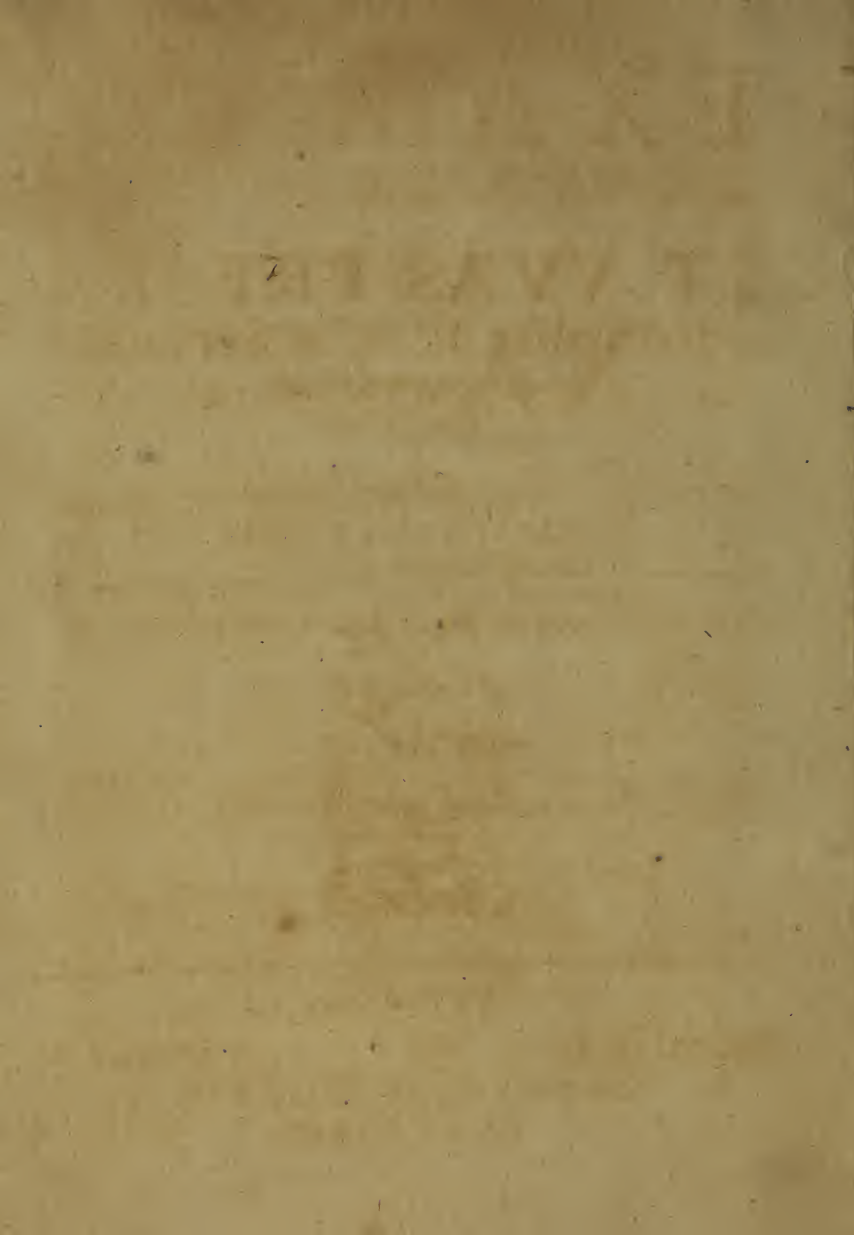
Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library!









THE EXAMPLE.

As

IT VVAS PRESEN-
ted by her *Majesties* Servants

At the private House in

Comedy - not Tragi. Comedy as
Drury-Lane.

Written by JAMES SHIRLY.

Lanybaine &c call it.



LONDON.

Printed by JOHN NORTON, for ANDREW
CROOKE, and WILLIAM
COOKE. 1637.

J. P.

L. Fitzavoyce.
Sir Walter, Peregrine.
Confident -
Fay-man.
Gumice stone.
Sir Solitary Plott.
His Page.
Captain

157.630

May 1873

Sevener
Dormant & Alder - 2 servants
Bellamie Lt Peregrine
Jacinta her sister
Lt Plott.



THE EXAMPLE

Actus. 1.

Enter Sir Solitary Plott.

Sol. *Dormant*, why *Dormant*, thou eternall sleeper!
Who would be troubled with these lethargies about
Dormant, are you come *Dreamer*. (him?)
Enter Dormant.

Dor. Would I were so happie, ther's lesse noyse
in a Steeple upon a Coronation, oh sleepe, sleepe, though it were
a dead one, would be comfortable; your worship might please
to let my fellow *Oldrat* watch, as well as I.

Sol. *Oldrat*? that fellow is a drone.

Dor. Hee has slept this halfe hower, on the Iron Chest, would
I were in my grave to take an nappe, Death would doe me a
courtesie, I should be at rest, and heare no noyse of *Dormant*.

Sol. Ha? Whats the matter?

Dor. Nothing but a yawne sir, I doe all that I can to keepe
my selfe waking.

Sol. Tis done consideratelie, this heavie dullnesse,

The Example.

Is the disease of soules, sleepe in the night?

Dor. Shall I wake my fellow *Oldrat*, he is refresh't

Sol. Doe, but returne you with him, I have businesse with both.

Dor. To heare us joyne in our opinion, of what's a clocke, they talke of Endimion, now could I sleepe three lives. *Exit.*

Sol. When other men measure the howers with sleepe,
Careles of what they are, and whom they trust,
Exposing their condition to danger
Of plotts, I wake, and wiselie thinke prevention,
Night was not made to shorne in, but so calme
For our imaginations, to be stirring
About the world, this subtile world, this world
Of plotts, and close conspiracie, there is
No faith in man, nor woman, wher's this *Dormant*?

Enter Dormant, and Oldrat.

Dor. Here is the sleepe vermine.

Sol. Oh come hither; surra, wher's your Ladie?

Ol. Out all this night at play sir,

Sol. All night, ther's some plot, but I am safe
At home, your gaming Ladies are strange Whirligigs,
But while she plaies, and revells with the gallants,
Here I am cabled up, above their shott,
And see in my imagination all there plotts,
Nay, we are the quietest couple, never meet,
No, not a bed, there may be plotts in that,
This part o' th house is mine, and here I walke
And see the soule, the verie soule o' th world.

Old. It has bin Daie this two howers.

Sol. Then tis time for me to goe to bed.

Dor. Would my hower were come once.

Sol. Keepe out daie-light, and set up a fresh taper,

Dor. By that time we have din'd, he le have slept his first sleepe.

Old. And after supper call for his breake-fast.

Sol. Yo're sure 'tis morning?

Dor. As sure as I am sleepe —

Sol. And that your Ladies not come in?

Old. As sure as I have the Key.

Sol. Is my Neece readie?

Dor.

Dor. Two howers agoe sir.

Sol. So earlie ? there may bee a plott in that ; say
Her uncle would speake with her, I use every morning,
Before I goe to bed , to give her counsell,
In her husbands absence, shee is young , and handsome,
And there be plotts ith world. *Dormant*, come hither.
What Gentlemen doe frequentlie come hither?
Who does visit her most ? *Dor.* My Ladie sir ?

Sol. My Neece *Iacinta* sirra, for my wife
I will let her alone of purpose yet,
To minde her game , shuffle , and cut; and dice,
And daunce the brawles, they cannot cosen me.
Say my intelligence, who does visit most
My Kins-woman ?

Dor. The gay Lords often with her. *Sol.* Who ?

Do. He that comes everie morning like *S. George*.

Sol. Ha !

Dor. I do not saie to mount her, the Lord —

Sol. *Fitzaverice*.

Dor. The same, sir hee's the most bountifull Gentleman and
makes us all soe praie for him.

Sol. More plotts, he has a vast estate, and though
Fame speake him noble , I suspect he loves her.
He has my Nephews Land in mortgage too.
A mere device, I fadome it, come hither,
Let not the arras heare us, saie what pranke
Of mischeife, has he done, he should be bountifull
To thee ? on what suspition canst deserve it ?
Come be ingenious, and confesse.

Dor. Who I be ingenious ? alas you are deceived.

Sol. Be free, this grome conspires.

Dor. Doe I looke like one that would be ingenjous ?

Knocking at the Gate.

Sol. What noyse is that ? more plotts, let none enter,
They are sawcie with my dores , tis well they are
All hart of Oake, and sound to endure the Knocking.

Dor. I heare my Ladies foot-man call the Porter.

Sol. I'll keepe no Gate that will be knockt o' this fashion

The Example.

I thinke it were a speciall pollicy
To have a kinde of a wheele ; or turning Engine
Advanc'd before my dore , and admit none
Without a Ticker.

Enter Oldrat.

Old. My Lady is come sir,

Sol. Is shee alone ?

Old. The Gentleman that complements with my Lady,
And is here halfe an howre before my Lord still —

Sol. Master *Confident* ?

Old. The same, he manns her Ladiship, and she is comming
this way through the Gallery.

Sol. Was ever such an impudence ? she wonot carry
Him to her Chamber? new *Plotts*, obscure me hangings.

Enter Master Confident, and Lady Platt.

Con. I shall report how much his Lordship owes
For this most noble favour,

La. Hee deserues,

By many bounties ever to command me,
And I must thanke your paines, but in my Chamber,
We may discourse more freely.

Con. You much honour me.

Exeunt.

Sol. Bountie, and Lordships, and discourse in Chambers ?
This fellow is a rascall, new new *Plotts*,

Dor. If your worship meane to lie with her Ladiship —

Sol. By noe meanes.

How happie am I, that we keepe severall quarters,
Some husband would torment himselfe with watching,
Skrue his Nose in at a Key-hole , or in some crannie
Wedge his long eare, let 'em alone, it makes,
It makes, and my lascivious Gamster finde his plotts discovered,
All his wit, gleand from *Italian Sonetts* ? and loose rimes ;
His bouncing, and his braves shall not disguise
His hart from me, I see't, I see't allready,
And laugh that I am alone , and have my humor.
Oh, tis my Neece, away and dresse my Pillow. *Exit. Ser.*

Enter Lady Peregrine.

La. Good morrow sir.

Sol.

Sol. Morrow ? 'tis now my bedd time.

La. You were pleas'd to send for me.

Sol. I did deare Neece.

Before I goe to sleepe, I must commend
Advices to thee, 'tis part of my devotion,
In breife, because the Day comes fast upon me,
Have a great care you be not seene too publicke,
Your Chamber's spacious enough to walke in,
Ther's danger in society, and the World
Is full of plotts,

La. What plotts?

Sol. I know not, but

Be solitarie as I am, and be safe.
Your husbands debt's have made him quit his Countrie,
He was an unthrift, nay I spare him not
Although he were my kins-man, 'twas ill done,
Whose plott so ere it were, to loose your Joynture,
Times are necessitous, but while he drills
His men abroad, take heed you meete not hotter
Service at home, there be fine Lords ith World,
And Gentlemen that runne, and carry mesages,
And Pages, that bring Jewells, and can whisper
The baudy poesies, and foe-forth.

La. You are not Jealous of mee?

Sol. Nor of my wife, I lie

Alone discreetlie, let my Madam plaie,
Sit up a nights and gamboll,

La. And dee love her?

Sol. At distance, as becomes a polliticke man,
That would not sell his state to buy an heire,
Our lookes so seldome doe converse, that if
We should engender at the eyes, she woud
Not teeme so often as an *Elephant*, fooles diet with
There wives and be in danger of provocatives
To friske, and mount the table, precious pastime!
Come thou art happie; that thy husbands absence
Hath given thee occasion to be solitarie,
Trust not the aire abroad by my example,

The Example.

Take heede of plotts, and foe good-night.

La. Good morrow.

I thanke you for your counsell but it needs not,
I pitie the condition of this Gentleman,
That makes his life a penance to seeme wise,
He talkes of plotts, and is the greatest enemy
To himselfe with his vaine feares, but why do I
Discourse of miserie without my selfe,
That carrie in my bosome everie minute,
All that can make a woman miserable?
Thought of my husband wounds me, yet I cannot
Be suffered to injoy it, like a Deere
I am chaf'd by forraine Hunters, and not left
To thinke what crueltie at home persues me.

Enter her woman and a Page.

You might have knowne my pleasure, in good manners,
Ere you admitted anie.

Wo. Tis but a Page Madam, the poore child
Wants yeeres to offend.

oapice

Exit.

La. He serves the Lord *Fitzamorous*
Beshrew your diligence.

Pa. Who commends to your
Faire hand these Jewells Madam.

La. I preethe carrie 'em backe, their insid's poyson,

Pa. I would not be corrupted with the one,
To betraie tother so, they cannot fright
When you examine, if you knew his Lordship
Soe well, as I would wish, you would accept
And cherish these presentiments, y'are the first
Ladie within my observation,
That has tooke time, to aske her conscience
The meaning of a Jewell, sent by a Lord,
A young and handsome Lord too; 'tis a thing
At Court, is not in fashion, and 'twere pitie
One with so good a face, should be the presdent,
Of such superfluous modestie. *La.* Does your Lord
Instruct you thus?

Pa. We take it of our selves,

Pages and waiting women are apt by nature
To understand their office, you may be confident,
My Lord meanes honorably, and as becomes
A Gentleman-of high bloud, he will visite
Your Lady-ship.

La. I shall not neede, returne him then my thanks,
By messenger. *Pag.* I apprehend,

And wish you a morning faire as your owne beautie,
My humblest dutie. *Exit.*

La. How blacke sinne doth scatter
Her seede betimes, and every ground is fruitfull.

Enter Confident, and waiting woman.

Con. Has shee the Paper?

Pa. And the jewell too.

Wo. I know sheele chide me, but his Lordships
Bounty commands I should bee serviseable.

Con. Away, and wantonnesse inspire me, Lady.

La. More rude intrusions? *Exit Page, and woman.*

Con. Patience noble Madam,
The message that I bring, is more calme and gentle
Then the coole winde, that breathes upon the Flowers
Soft kisses in the Spring, the woollen feete
Of time doe move with a lesse noyse, then mine
Beneath this happy Roofe, vouchsafe your care,
And words shall meeete your sense, and Court it with
Swifter delight then apprehension
Knows how to reach, and when I have let fall
Love, which doth make all language rich, and told you
His name that gives his life up in my breath,
To be made blest by being yours, you'le wish
I were all voyce, and to that harmony,
Chaine your owne soule for ever.

La. What doe you meane
By this strange language? pray bee cleerer, sir,
If you direct it to my understanding.
VVhat is your businesse?

Con. I have told you, Madam.
Love.

La. What love I beseech you sir ?

Con. A love that doth include in his owne flame
What Poets made but fiction in the gods,
When Earthlie beauties tempted them from Heaven,
A fire which from the bosome of loves preist
Shoots up religion and a sacrifice
To what his soule adores, a glorious love,
And love of you.

La. Of me ? it will concerne
That I should know him.

Con. Had his person bin
A stranger, so much worth, and fame prefers him
To every noble knowledge, that you cannot
Be ignorant, what wonder of mankind
I point at, hath report brought to your eare
I'th sticke of men, one that hath had the praise
Of wit, of valour, bountie, a faire presence,
A tongue to inchant heaven? these waite on him,
As he, to be your servant: he is a man
(What pittie it is I cannot call him more)
The pride, and darling both of warre, and peace,
The Lord of many Worlds.

La. How sir ! He may be bountifull indeed then.

Con. With your pardon,
Shall we allow to everie common man
A little world, and not thinke him worth manie,
Who hath the price of thousands in himselfe ?

La. What miracle is this ?

Co. He is a man
Soe full of all, that thought, or love can be
Ambitious of, that nothing can deserue him,
But shee alone that hath in her owne frame
Of woman, all that ever praised the sex,
And these are all your owne, make him so too,
And from your loves, the decay'd world shall hope
To see a race of Demi-gods.

La. I finde not
By all these markes of honour and of goodnesse

What

What person you commend thus

Co. Can there be anie beside my Lord?

La. Your Lord may be

Besides himselfe after soe great a Character.

Co. The Lord *Fitzanarice*.

La. Cry mercie sir,

I know him, and you might with halfe the expence
Of so much wit in blanke verse, have exprest
His purpose, and himselfe. I thanke him hartelic,
But am not so much worth, pray tell him so.

Con. Ladie, I doe not use to thrive so ill
In my love-undertakings.

La. I't your Trade?

It seemes so, by your prompt and elegant way,
Are you sollicit for other's,
In love, t' d by your place, never to move
Conditions for your selfe? he is but a Lord
Whose fame you have advanc'd thus.

Con. You'r right, Lady.

La. And I was never taught, that witt or handsome nesse
are assur'd by patent, dee thinke this Lord
May not finde his peeres?

Con. No question, Madam.

La. This would well be a double Knave.

Con. There may be Gentlemen,
That owe no high and mightie titles, Madam.

La. As gracious with a Lady;

Con. And as active;

La. With wit, with valour, bountie, a faire presence,
And tongue to inchant heaven.

Con. As I would wish,
I onely was ambitious to enjoy her
After my Lord, if once shee were corrupted;
Venus send me good lucke, and I be
His taster, but hee's here.

Enter Lord Fitzanarice.

Trust mee an other time.

Lo. Hast prevail'd?

Co. I have taken off the impossibilitie,
Or shee deceives me much: To her your selfe,
Ile take my opportunitie.

Exit.

Lo. Still Melancholie?
What dee meane Lady?

La. I have kept a Jewell for your Lordship.

Lo. Will shee come too't allready?

La. And because
I would not be held guiltie of ingratitude,
Not furnish'd with a gift worth your acceptance,
I must present your owne agen.

Lo. Why this
I sent you, Madam, doe not so dishonour mee,
I have plenty of these trifles sha't have more,
Richer and brighter to attend thy beautie,
Here they will shine in their owne place.

La. I dare not accept of any, they are dangerous.

Lo. They are not poyson'd.

La. Yes more killing then
The teeth of Serpents, or the Vipers blood,
Without a charme, they had ere this undone me.

Lo. Pray make your sence familiar to me.

La. Can you seeme ignorant, by whose direction
They were sent hither, oh my Lord, but thinke,
What honour you can gaine out of my ruines.
Why doe you still persue me with this heate
Of sensuall flame, and send these tempters to me,
After so many vowes, to keepe my faith,
And name unstain'd?

Lo. Still in these foolish humors?
What did you marrie for?

La. To enjoy my husband.

Lo. Enjoy him in his absence then by proxie.

La. VVhen he is absent from my hart, I may
Consent to be as blacke, as you would make me;
But while he hath a constant dwelling here,
I must loose both at once, if I forsake him.
Oh thinke upon your selfe my Lord, and make

Your

Your title good, and justifie, that honour
By our selves acquir'd, is richer, then what blood,
And birth can throw upon us, send noe more.
Agents to plead your shame, their errand is
So foule, it must infect 'em, to be false,
Even to your selfe, my husband is abroad-
To farre from home.

Lo. Hee's fighting i'th low-Countries,
By his example you may Skirmish here,
A litle, if you please, I doe not wish him
Return'd, although I have his land in mortgage,
If you would bee lesse cruell, you may pay
His debt in other propertie, and cancell
The payment in due time.

La. I le heare no more.
You have a stayned soule.

Exit.

Lo. I doe love this Ladie,
As Gentlemen now call love, and that extremelie.
Shee is all nunns flesh about her, but has the Divell
No tricke to thaw her chastitie? I must have
Some way to enjoy her body for my credit,
The world takes notice I have courted her,
And if I mount her not, I loose my honour.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Vayne-man Pumicestone, and Scrivener.

Va. So, so, now wee are furnish'd.

Pu. Our acts and deeds are to shew for't.

Scr. *Sigillatum et deliberatum in presentia notarij.*

Publici. I thanke you Gentlemen.

Pu. In the presence of the notorious Publican. *Exit. Scr.*
But dee heare, who shall pay backe the monie?

Va. VWhat mony?

Pu. The mony wee ha taken up to goe a wooing to
This Kick-shaw.

Va. Share and share like, how ever, the securities

Is good, and the *Scrivener* satisfied.

Pu. I have a great minde —

Va. To pay it all, that have my voyce.

Pu. Vpon condition the Lady would seale to Covenants, you should finde me reasonable.

Va. For that we must take our fates, one of Vs is sure to carry her against the World. He that has least wit, has five hundred Pound a yeere, if that, good clothes, and a Handsome man with appurtenances, cannot Tempt an elder sister, would shee were sent To a Nunnery, letts loose noe time, but advance to her instantlie,

Pu. Stay I have it, and no unhappy invention, A device, if the worst come to the worst, You will thanke mee fort.

Va. What ist ?

Mercury himselfe be the Doctor Mid-wife, and Deliver thee.

Pu. The gentlewoman we aime at, has a great Estate, a fortune for a Lord.

Va. All this I know.

Pu. She has many Sutors,

Va. So much the worse, proceed.

Pu. But none in grace, makes her selfe merry with'em, And jeeres'em mainlie, cannot love.

Va. What comfort is this for us ?

Pu. Now I come too't, wee two doe love this Lady,

Va. No matter for that, toth poynt Wee come a wooing to her.

Pu. Tis not possible

Wee should both draw the prise, but one can bee Her husband.

Va. Of us two, right.

Pu. And yet in our particular, Ther's none of us can say, he shall prevaile, And be the man, the man, that must be Lord Of the estate, justle the noble-Men. And domineere.

Va. What of all this ?

Pu. Now marke mee, He that shall conquer this Virginian Iland

And write himſelfe Lord of the Golden-mines,
Will have a very fine time on't.

Va. Very likelic, what's the concluſion?

Pu. Nay tell me firſt, what will
Become of him that muſt
Sit downe with a willow Garland, that has ſeal'd
For a thouſand pounde; with what deare appetite
Shall hee diſcharge the *Scrivener*?

Va. One on's muſt looſe, unleſſe we could devide her.

Pu. Then I have thought a way to make us both
Gayners, in ſome proportion.

Va. That were a tricke worth our learning.

Pu. Play your Cards wiſely, and 'tis done.

Va. As how prethy?

Pu. Why thus

Hee that ſhall marry her of us two,
As one of us muſt ſpeed, ſhall enter Bond
At's marriage, to give the other a thouſand pound,
This compoſition may be allowed and ſealed to,
If you conſider, ſomething will be requiſite,
For them, that goe without the maiden-head,
Debts and deviſes will grow due, and Sacke
Will not be unneceſſary, to forget her health in,
What thinke you on't? and who e're obtaines the Lady
Will have no cauſe to grumble at this motion,
Is not this equall and a certainty for both?

Va. Let the Articles be drawne, 'tis a ſafe bargaine,
Heer's my hand too't.

Pu. A match, the writings,
Will quickly bee prepared, for things muſt carry
Formality and law, we doe but talke elſe,

Va. Withall my hart, ſubſcribe to night, who's this?

Pu. Tis Confident.

Enter Confident.

Con. My two ingenious ſparkes, my Landed witts,
And therefore more miraculous, what makes
Your lookes exalted, as if *Venus* were
Propitious now?

Va. That right we are in love.

Con.

Con. I knew't, I read thy Character in your brow,
I see the desperate Archer in each eye,
Prepar'd with golden Shafts to wound your mistresses,
Their harts must bleed, no destiny will helpe it,
You two are *Cupids* darlings, and hee's bound
To bring you all the Ladies you can wish for,
Humble and suppliant for the Game.

Pu. Dost thinke wee shall prevaile then?

Coa. Have I ambition
To be your honorer, and o'th nuptiall night
Light up my epithalamy, to inflame
Your bosomes, and instruct your wanton limbes
The activitie of love beyond fierce *Aretine*.

Pu. But dost heare! we are both suters to one Lady;
Which dost thinke shall carry her?

Con. To the same Lady! *Va.* Thou knowest her,
Jacintha, Lady *Peregrines* sister.

Con. The glory of her sex, you'e plac'd your thoughts,
With a discrete ambition.

Pu. Who shall have her dost thinke?

Speake thy opinion.

Con. You, sir.

Pu. Shall I?

Con. Can you appeare doubtfull?

Be not so much ingrate to natures bountie,
Each part about you in silent oratorie
May plead toth *Queene of Love*, you'e to much excellence,
Were all your other graces worne in Clouds,
That eye, that very eye, would charme a *Lucrece*,
And by the golden unresisted Chaines
Draw up her soule, and melt it in your bosome,
Your presence is a volume of enchantements,
But move, and every beauty falls before you,
But if you speake, which needs not to obtaine,
You give a louder notice to the World,
Then when you list, you conquer, and create
One accent of your tongue, able to make
A *Nyobe* returne from her cold Marble,
And spring more soft and active then the Aire

To court your amorous breath.

Va. Hum no more, if thou loust me, we are upon
A composition, hee that winnes the Lady
Shall give the other a thousand pound:
If you make him confident to bee preferrd,
Hee'le never signe to'th Covenant.

Con. How prefer'd? *Con.* How prefer'd?
Vnder what misconstruction have I suffer'd?
Although I name it iustice, he should challenge
The mistresse of his thoughts, can you want merit
Who live the example of all wit, to boast
A victorie in your love? were I a woman
(As nature only huddles into the world
When shee sends forth a man) give me licence
To expresse my thoughts, and had all that invention
And truth could adde, to advance me to opinion,
I should bee hono'r'd to be writ your servant,
And call obedience to you, greater triumph,
Then to be Empresse of an other world,
You have so rich a wit, that dotage may
Bee justified upon't, and nothing but
A soule purg'd from all dreggs, and quitted from
Mortalitie, can lay a worthie claime too't.
Yau'e put a question would afflict an Oracle
To understand, and answer, which of you
Should triumph o're a Lady, I am madd
When I consider the necessitie
Of fate, that one of you must be accepted,
And both so bounteouslie deserving. Then,
If I pronounce agen that both must have her,
You'le pardon my ambition, Gentlemen,
Which levell's with your wishes.

Pu. Could I speake thus,
I would not thanke the Ladie should run madd for me.

Va. Jack prethe lett's fancie him,
Hee has spoke home and handsomelic.

Pu. Let it be five peeces, oh witt of witts!

Con. You have, Gentlemen.

A care to enlarge my Librarie, I translate
These into bookes, whose title-page shall owne
Your name in shining Capitalls.

Pu. Drinke, drinke Sack.
And divine the world with thine owne wit, t'will sell,
Hang other bookes, woot never switch a Play up?

Con. Las the Comedians have no soule to speake.

Va. Naie doe not leave us.
We are going to this Lady, shee randevou's
To day at Lady *Plott*, we shall have musicke, and dancing.
Youle meete my Lord there

Con. I am his creature, and your humble servant.

Va. Nay no distinction.

Pu. What braines some men have?
I would change all my acres for his Poetrie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Fitzavarice, and Lady Plott.

La. Plott. Still peevishly

Lo. Most invincible, no temptation
Can fasten on her, woud I had nere laid seige to her,
The taking of her province, will not be
So much advantage to mee, as the bare
Removing of my seige will loose me credit.
I would she were recoverable by Law,
There were some hope by vexing my estate,
And tiring Westminster, within few Termes
A gentleman might come to issue with her,
If all were of her minde, what would become on's?
Lent, everlasting lent would mortifie
Our masculine concupiscence; and not leave
The strongest body worth an egge at Easter.

Pl. I am glad your Lordship yet is pleasant with
Her stubburnesse, and were I worthie to
Advise you, it should never trouble your thoughts;
I know your Lordship is not barren of acquaintance.

Lo. There be more Ladies in the World,
And of the Game.

La. The Game my Lord? I hope,
You point not this at me, because I use

To passe the howrs at play with Ladies, and gentlemen.

Lo. At Dice and Cards? you have more charitie,
Then to thinke I accuse your Lady ship,
Though there be some have dar'd to venture both ways
Vpon record, yet seeme stanch to the world,
I and are thought to pray sometimes, I woud-not
For the Indies tempt your Ladiship, I know
You are deafe to all leaud accents.

Plo. Tis your goodnesse—

Lo. Never to try thee, tis fit only such
As your cold kinf-woman, wenches that have
No spirit should be tempted to those sports;
Nor is shee otherwise considerable
To me, more then my charitie may restore her,
I pitie a handsome woman should eate chalke,
And die i'th fullens, if she might be comforted, and cured.

Plo. With a Warme bedd-fellow?

Lo. Y're right, Madam,

Enter Jacintha, and Lady Bellam.

But shees here, and her elder sister.
There is an other Lady I would not touch now,
I meane i'th leaud way, shee has life and fire,
And moves without an Engine, give me a wench,
That I must mould into a wanton shape,
And quicken her to aire by my owne Art,
A wench that must be purg'd, sublim'd, calcind,
By'th chymistrie of Love, till shee become
A glorified spirit, and acknowledge
Shee tooke 'her exaltation from me;
In that I glorie more, then to have perfected
The Magisterium, and boast the Elixar.
But I waste time.

Plo. This I cannot helpe,
He wonot understand.

Lo. Can you worke, Ladie,
No cure upon your sister by the example
Of your free hart?

Ja. My Lord I chide her for't,

Tell her what follie tis, to wast her health
With feeding so much melancholie, I wish
Shee had my constitution; to laugh
At all the World.

Lo. You are satyricall.

Ia. No matter what men thinke of me: my Lord,
I am no great admirer of their virtues.

Lo. You doe not hate us, Ladie?

Ia. But with pardon
Of your Lordship, it is possible, I may never
Runne madd for Love.

Lo. You doe converse with us.

Ia. Because I have
As yet, no resolution to bee cloistred:
Sometimes men stirre my pitie, but most commonlie
My laughter.

Lo. Y'are a strang condition'd Gentlewoman.

Ia. I would be so my Lord, to all that love mee,
And love my selfe the better, for that humor.

Lo. You'le never marrie?

Ia. Certainlie, not while I have any wit,
And can buy follie at a cheeper rate:
My sister has taught me; that Ladie has
A precious husband too, shall I, my Lord;
Bee bold to aske you, but one question,
What are men good for?

Lo. Pray, Ladie, doe not feare I come a wooing.

Ia. Your Lordships mirth offends not mee in this.

Lo. Yet if I could love, I would marrie thee
Of all women alive.

Ia. Your Lordship should
Have little cause, I hope, to wish so ill to mee.

Lo. What sayes my Lady *Aprill* here, all shewrs?

Plo. My Lord is a great honorer of your sister.

Ia. Tis his fault in my conscience, but I hope
Shee'le have a care, poore soule,

Enter

Enter Vayne-man Pumiceston, and Confident.

Con. Let mee prepare you,
And when you see me close with Madam Plott,
You may advance.

Pu. Bee breife.

Co. Most noble Ladie.

I have no time to enlarge my selfe ; your fat's
In danger , if discretion sit not at
The Helme, with love ; the Gentlemen, that next
Present themselves , are not to be admitted
Guests to your bosome, in the yet darke booke
Of destinie , there is a name referu'd,
To make you happie, your Starrs guide you to
A husband, worthy of this blood, and beautie :
Thinke on the Prophet.

Va. Now wee may come in.

Pu. Bright Ladie, make your humble servants proud
To kisse your white hand.

Ia. Notto fast, Gentlemen,
You doe not meane to marrie mee ; some aire,
Or i'le goe tak't abroad: two to one woman ?

Pu. The lot gave mee prioritie, you know,
Therefore obey your chance , I must first court her.

Ia. These are the guests hee talk'd on sure.

Va. What shall I doe now ?

Con. Fall in with the chamber-woman, that is a way
To know the ebbe, and flowing of her Mistresse,
Saile by that winde I say.

Pu. The truth is , Ladie,
I love you in the noble way of Marriage.

Ia. I am sorry for it.

Pu. Why my prittie Mistresse ?

Ia. I cannot love that way.

Pu. Are you in earnest ?

Ia. Doe you take mee for a Jester ?

Pu. Doe but name

The way you have the most minde to bee loved in,
The high way , or the by way , any way,

I am at your service.

Ia. What is that Gentleman ?

Pu. One that would be in love too,
If he had an apprehension
You'd favour him, a thing has neither witt
Nor honestie, he would needs come along,
I could not shake him off, without a quarrell,
You'le quickelie finde his barrenesse, and dismisse him :
He has bin practising this fortnight, how
To make a legge, that learned Gentleman
Knowes the inside of his soule, for my owne part—

Ia. Methinks he is a very handsome man.

Pu. Should he but heare you, Ladie, he would thinke
You jeer'd him fearefullie.

Ia. And he may have a generous minde. What's his estate ?

Pu. How's this ?

Ia. If you doe love me, give him opportunitie
To tell me his poore minde alittle.

Pu. I obey.

Shees taken with him, and the worst come
To the worst, there will be a thousand pound good yet.

Con. So resolute ?

Pls. That man must have a powerfull tongue must charme her,
Into consent of marriage, her estate
Is worth ten thousand pound.

Con. A glorious summe,
Able to whet ambition, now the others
Turne is, to shew him selfe ridiculous.

Va. I tell you in three syllables, I love you.

Ia. That gentleman professes the same language,
Your friend.

Va. My friend ? hee's none of mine, true wee have bin
Acquainted, met, fell into conference of you,
And came together, Ladie, he is no man
Of that cleere fame, to ingage my serious friend-ship,
A verie puff-blist.

Ia. What's that I praie ?

Va. A Phantome, a meere Phantome.

Ia. Phantome, what's that?

Va. A mentall Tiphon, a windie capruch, I doe grace him,
Or so, but he is the impudent'st fellow —

Ia. Hee speakes well

Of you, gave you a worthie Character.

Va. Hee cannot choose.

He knowes me well enough, and all the world,
Besides I have a temper must not bee
Provok'd with calumnies, tis true hee has some
Pretty parts, is held an excellent scholler, can sing,
And daunce, and manage a Horse well,
Hee's borne of a good familie, can speake,
When hee lists, to purpose too, I confesse it,
But what's all this when a man will bee a rascall?

Ia. What blessed paire of customers have I got?

These would make excellent husbands, aud love me
To'th purpose.

Enter Lord, and Bellamia.

Lo. Well, remember, you have promis'd,
Vpon condition, I dismisse you now,
To give mee an other answer.

Con. My good Lord,
I have an humble suite to you, I should aske
First how your hopes thrive in that fullen Ladie.

Lo. I must expect, but what's your businesse, to me?

Con. In breefe, to advance my service to
That Ladie, by your Honors testimonie
Of what I may deserve, I am confident
I shall reward it, by securing her
Faire sister to your wishes, shees your owne,
Or if shee prove too honest, I shall make
A recompence by offering to your pleasure,
The other, who by authoritie of your breath,
May make me Lord of her, and her full fortune,
You understand, my gracious Lord.

Lo. I doe so.

Pu. Va. Your Lordships humble creatures.

Lo. I am your servant.

What

What shall wee doe , Ladies ? but *I* forget,
I have something more to say to you.

Ia. To me , my Lord ?

Lo. Your clyents increase , Ladie,
That gentleman tells me, he does love you, and would marry you.
Because I have obseru'd his nature , I'le
Give him in breefe , he is a fellow will
Vndoe thee in a fortnight , though not in
Thy estate, yet in thy minde , a greater mischiefe.
If thou dost marrie him , it will be pollicie,
To turne witch betime, ere he sell thee o're to shame,
And so much povertie, the Divell wonot
Trust thee with a familiar , now beleeve him,
Wee droue methinks _____

Ia. So, so, here are an other couple, who shall trust
Mankinde ? it will be a miracle to finde
One honest man i th bundle, sir, you are
Bound to my Lord.

Con. His least favours to mee
Are more then my whole life can satisfie,
Oh Ladie , if you knew him but as I doe,
You would be lost in wonder of his goodnesse.
Bove all, he is adorer of chaste truth,
And speakes religiouse of any man.
Hee will not trust obscure traditions,
Or faith implicite, but concluds of things
Within his owne cleare knowledg what hee sayes,
You may beleeve , and pawne your soule upon't.
Vouchsafe mee kisse your faire hand, whose least touch
Consented to though I were old and dying,
Would quicken mee into a Spring.

Plo. You forget, my Lord, the musicke was prepar'd
To daunce , and warme her blood.

Lo. Each take his Ladie.

Ia. Falstasse I will beleeve thee,
There is noe faith in vilanous man.

Lo. Beginne there.

They daunce in.

Enter

The Example.

Enter Lady Bellamia, as taking opportunity to goe to her chamber, Enter Lady Plott, and Fitzavarice.

La. Follow her, my Lord, she is stoln to her chamber: this will Give you admittance through my Lodgings, I'll excuse Your absence, there bee more wayes to'th wood, trie all.

Lo. How much you blesse mee, shee shall want noe triall, This opportunitie is worth an Empire. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Lord Fitzavarice, and Bellamia.

Lo. What shall I say? consent, deere Ladie, to Be mine, and thou shalt tast more happinesse, Then womans fierce ambition can persue; Shift more delights, then the warme-spring can boast Varietie of leaves, or wealthie harvest Graine from the teeming earth. Joy shall dry all Thy teares, and take his throne up, in thy eies, Where it shall sit, and blesse what e're they shine on. The night shall Sowe her pleasures in thy bosome, And morning shall rise only to salute thee.

Bel. Enough, too much. My Lord, I hop'd when last Your importunitie inforc'd my promise. Of other answer, I should never see you, If being a sad prisoner to my chamber, Might have prevented your access: but since I am betraid to this discourse, receive What the necessitie of fate compells to.

Lo. Another answer?

Bel. Yes, but such an one As must at least challeng affinitie With what I said before: not your estate, Though multiplied to Kingdomes, and those wasted With your invention, to serve my pleasures, Have power to bribe my life away from him, To whose use I am bid to weare it; be yet just, And seeke no further to pollute the streame

Of my chaste thoughts, Ile rather choose to die
 Poore wife to *Peregrine*, then live a Kings
 Inglorious strumpet, can you thinke my Lord,
 Should I give up my freedome to your bende,
 And for the pride of wealth, sell woman in mee,
 (For she must loose that name, that once turnes whore)
 Could I arrive at impudence enough
 To come abroad, and not be mou'd to heare
 My shame from every tongue, but scorne my infamie,
 (As tis the nature of this sinne to strengthen
 It selfe still with a greater) could you thinke,
 If noe religion can correct your wildnesse,
 Anothers price, or pleasure, would not buy mee
 Even from your armes? there is no faith in lust,
 And she that dares be false to one she loves,
 Will twine with all the world, and never blush for't,
 Kisse, and betraie as often. Thinke on this,
 And call your selfe home,

Lo. Lady, I have heard you,

And doe allow the excuse, I doe not urge,
 Although your husbands absence may plead for't,
 You should be generallie at my dispose,
 Disclaime all place, and person, but what's mine;
 I am not so ambitious, my desires
 Are humble, and beg only so much favour
 To admit me to one service, (you know what
 To understand by it) and if you like not
 My activitic handsomelie, discharge mee agen.

Bel. Worse then infection, how dare you speake
 This blasphemie to honor, or I heare it?

Lo. I'ts not to be avoyded, I have secur'd
 Your Chamber, Ladie.

Bel. Innocence defend mee.

Lo. Once more, and nature worke,
 You say you love your husband, and account
 His absence the misfortune, that doth sit
 Most heavie on your soule, this is increas'd
 By the dispaire of his returne; since all

Hop's fled, to satisfie his deepe engagements,
Which threaten ruine here, I have a mortgage
Of his, for summs lent by my thriving father,
Your joynture, (but releast by you, I take it)
I am so much a servant to thy beaurie,
The first night I embrace thy delicate bodie,
The Lands thy owne agen, a round encouragement.

Bel. What doe I heare?

Lo. If Lords should pay so deare for every capering,
T'wou'd trie the backe of their estate : but marke mee,
I ha not done, summe up his other debts,
They swell to thousands, be but faire condition'd,
For everie time thou admitst mee after, to thy
Pillow, I'le strike of an hundred pound,
Till all the debts be unravel'd : In the meane time
Thy husband shall returne, and walke the Towne,
Free as an Alder-man, and be mace-prooffe,
Shall live, and lie with thee, and love thee too,
And praise thee for this noble composition,
What saist ? I finde thy wisdome comming to thee.
Should it be knowne, who'le thinke the worke of thee?
Alas, good soule, 'twas pure love to thy husband,
They must imagine, wrought with thee. What woman
But would to save a husbands life, and fortune,
Venture a trifle ? nay they shall commend
Thy act, and reade the storie to their children,
And envy the example was not theirs,
I shall have all the blame, but i'le endur't
For thy sake, all the tyrannie will be mine,
But to secure thy peace, and doe thy husband
A curtesie, I'le runne a thousand hazards.
Doe I appeare now ?

Bel. Yes, a glorious monster.
Good Heaven !

Lo. Once more, will you consent ?

Bel. Neveroh, never : let mee tell you, sir,
You have so litle prevail'd upon my Love,
That almost I forget my charitie

Y'are a bad man : I'le sooner meet a basiliske, and be one.

Lo. Nay then. ————— *Hee drawes his Poynard.*

Bel. What doe you meane ?

Lo. If soft intreaties

With all that man can promise, move you not
To the delight, I'le snatch it from your bosome,
Nay never shake, I'le change that modest palenesse
Into a blush, shall speake thy blood as hot
As myne, or leave thy veines dry as the face
Of earth, when winter hath deflowred her cheekes,
And seald up all her beauties in a frost.

Shee faints.

Ha, Madam, dead, helpe : I did but trie thee,
My Ladie *Plott*, a curse upon your *Plotts*.

Jacintha, Ladies, I am undone, no helpe ?

Dormant above.

Dor. Peace you'le wake my master.

Lo. Helpe here, the Ladie *Peregrine* is dead.

Dor. If shee be dead, shee wonot make a noyse,
Would al i'th house were dead, we should be at quiet.
Carrie your selfe civillie an i'le send some body.

Lo. I shall be in for murther, oh my fate !

Enter Jacintha, Lady Plott.

Ia. Alas my sister, what ha you done, my Lord ?

Lo. I know not the extent of my offence,
But trust me, i le not sic past the next Chamber.
Shew your best charitie, oh my soule is wounded.

Exit.

La. Shee returnes, give her more ayre.

Ia. Oh my poore sister, welcome to life agen.

Bel. I know you both, is no bodie else with you ?

La. No Madam.

Bel. Not my Lord ?

La. I'le carrie him the newes of her recoverie.

Bel. Praie let mee see him.

Enter Lord, and Lady Plott.

Ia. Hee's here too soone.

La. Plo. Cheere up your spirit my Lord, and speake to her,

Shee

Shée is alive , and likelic.

Bel. You may come
A litle neerer , if there be no change
In minde, there is in countenance , my Lord,
I have had a short, but pleasing vision,
My thought from a steepe precipice, as you were falling
Into the Sea, an arme chain'd to a Cloud,
Caught hold, and drew you up to Heaven.

Lo. If you dare heare mee speake
Agen ; I dare say more , but to your eare.

Bel. I feele a new , and secure confidence.
Will you vouchsafe us favor ?

Ia. Wee'le not bee
At to much distance.

Exeunt Ia. and Lady Plot.

Lo. Can there bee a hope,
After so great a wrong, to finde a mercie ?
You must bee more then woman, and you are so.
It was the errour of my soule that drew
The heaviemist upon my eies, they now
See, and admire your innocence, oh Madam,
I have two mightie passions within me ;
Two, that are wellcome, yet extreames, a Joy,
To see you live , and sorrow for my trespasse
Against so bright a chastitie, to which,
I kneele within my hart, and aske forgivenessse.

Bel. If this be earnest, 'tis a heavenlie language.

Lo. I feele a holie flame disperse rich heate,
About me, the corruption of my blood
Is fallen awaie, and of that virtue, which
A divell in mee would have betray'd, I rise
A servant , and admirer , live, oh live,
Thou best of wives, and practise still new wonders
Vpon the hart of lust transformed men,
Vntill time boast, the example of thy faith
Hath purg'd the world, and taught us how to count
Our howers by thy miracles : I am
In love now with thy goodnessse , by thy selfe.

The Example.

I am, and by some rare, and unknowne act,
Must make a recompence to that faire honour,
I would ha blasted, once againe forgive mee,
And hide the shame, my soule does blush to thinke on.

Exit.

Bel. This is an noble change, and speaks his nature
Not barren, when good feedes are trusted with it.

Enter Lady Plott, and Jacintha.

Ia. Hee's gone.

Plo. And did not minde us.

Bel. I am sorie,

I could have chain'd my cares to his discourse,
And willinglie ha growne old to have heard him:
Madam, the Character of praise you gave him,
Is short of that true noblenesse. I finde.

Plo. And yet you were not willing to beleieve it.
I thinke I know a man.

Ia. How is this sister?

I hope y'are not in earnest, though hee bee
A Lord, as who can helpe, in my judgement
There are noe mountaines of such noblenesse
As you commend his talke, if he speake not:
Another language to the care, could never
Ravish my understanding, though I must
Confesse 'tis wild enough, I doe beginne
To feare you, sister.

Bel. Bee more charitable,

I apprehend your trouble, and shall give you
A faire account of his, and my owne honour.
I could bee merrie now.

Exit.

Plo. Here are Gentlemen.

Ia. My customers.

Enter Confident, Vayne-man, Pumicestone.

Con. Where is my Lord?

Bel. Hee's gone, sir.

Con. I am sure hee has left a hart behind with you,
Most excellent of beauties, in whose trust,
'Tis safer, and more warme, then in his bosome.
Doe you not finde him a brave Gentleman?

He

He has but one fault Ladie, hee's too modest:
But your discretion must helpe t hat.

Bel. I honour him.

Con. Tis well and wiselie done.

Bel. Pray tell mee, sir,
I have heard a litle tryall of your wit,
Are you honest too?

Con. Honest too?

I never did suspect your Ladyships
Breeding, and yet this question in publike,
Would stagger the opinion.

Bel. But you having a leading voyce.

Con. I ha not art to helpe you,
Though I confesse, I might oerule some witts
O'th lower classe, are you honest too?
Besides the freedome of my birth, and wealth
Of blood, I boast no over-swelling fortunes;
As to what purpose, should my witts bee clog'd
With heaueie acres, when the Town's Exchequer
Is mine, and every Mercer is my Tenant,
If he pretend to wit, and hope to iustifie
His shop-booke, and orthographie of his bills:
I would not have the scandall on my name,
To be cal'd honest, i'th strickt sense I meane,
And as it tyes my blood up, for a Duke-dome:
But you are for my Lord, and I allow it.
How thrive my gallants here?

Ia. They cannot choose
But prosper, sir, and much the better for
Your commendations.

Va. You may take his opinion Ladie, tis authenticke.

Ia. But a litle of your patience: if I found
Within me, that strong appetite to marrie,
Who shall protect me from the statute gentlemen?
If it be fellonie to have two husbands,
I will not marrie above one for certaine.

Con. Shee s right for that, 'tis dangerous.

Pu. Cast lotts.

Ia. And tie my love to chance, forbid discretion.

Va. Thoose whom you love best.

Ia. That's to bee resolu'd

By your demonstration, who loves me best,
For if there be, marke what I tell you, Gentlemen,
But the hundred part of a graine difference,
In your affections, bestrew mee, if
I choose the lightest.

Both. How's this?

Con. Wisdome Gentlemen,
And must bee allow'd.

Pu. Let him bee the judge,
Hee knowes us both to a scruple.

Con. Excuse me Gentlemen,
'Tis fit the Ladie satisfie her judgment,
Although I hate partialitie, it becomes not
I should bee here definitive, to perplexe
The freedome of her choice..

Va. What thinke you to agree among our selves?

Ia. Sure hee that dares
Doe most for my sake will deserue mee best.

Con. Dee heare that resolution, bee rul'd
Ple open such a path to your ambition—

Pu. No more.

Va. At our next visit, you shall know us Ladie,

Plo. Nay Gentlemen letts to gleeke.

Va. Commaund us Madam.

Plo. You and my Cozen may
To the same exercise.

Bel. I would bee excused
For some few minuites.

Con. If it please you Lady,
Weele passe that time at fant : did you not finde
My Character true of those rotten glo-wormes?

Ia. You did a high favor.

Con. you consult
Your honor in the acknowledgment, I waite you.

Ia. When will you open, sir, the booke of destinie

And read the name you talke on? I am confident,
He must be master of an active soule
Whom you preferre, if I mislike his person,
I'll marry his wit, but we loose time, you'll follow. *Exeunt*
Manet Lady Bellamia.

Bel. Methinkes I feele some new accessse of comfort,
Something that tells me, I am neere a blessing,
Of else my poore hart flattets mee.

Enter Page.

Pa. My Lord commanded me present you his best service,
And with it, these: he bad mee say, they are
Prologue to that reward hee hath design'd
Your vertue, I was glad to heare him say so,
And never went more nimble on his message.

Bel. The mortgage? this confirms me, he is noble,
A wealthie Carkanet; though I cannot merit
This bountie from him, I am rich in thank's.
But prethee tell me boy, didst not thou bring
Letters, and other Jewells to me? *Pa.* Yes.

Bel. If I remember, you did speake an other
Meaning, then what you now deliver.

Pa. Madam,
Although the narrow tie of dutie bind mee,
To the discharge of his commands, which it
Becomes no servant to dispute, I meete
Honest imployments with more cherefullnesse.

Bel. Thou hast a modest countenance, here's to buy the
Garters, and Roses.

Pa. When I goe upon
Lascivious errands, Madam, I take monie,
There is no other benefit belongs to 'em,
But good ones pay themselves, I am rewarded,
I shall have cause to thanke you for my Lord,
If he preferue this temper.

Exit.

Bel. A good boy: this is not the religion of all Pages,
They are a present worth acceptance,
The piety came with 'em more then doubles
Their value, if vice blush not at rewards,

The Example.

There is no shame for virtue to receive them:
But What's all this to me, that am poore still
Without my *Peregrine* ? who all this while
Treads the uneven path of warre, and danger,
This verie minute, for ought I can tell,
Wounded upon some service, or ingag'd,
To stand the murdring Cannon, oh, my blood
Growes pale within me to imagine, what
Horror attends the Soldier.

Enter Dormant.

Dor. Madam, Madam.

Bel. Ha, my hart trembles.

Dor. Sir Walter *Peregrine*.

Bel. Thy lookes speake comfort, what of him?

Dor. Hee is return'd.

Bel. Landed ?

Dor. Hee's marching up the staires, with another foldate
Tough as his Jerkin, he has a tilting feather,
And lookes soe desperatellie, I feare they have
Brought home two regiments that wonot bee
Casheer'd without a shift.

Enter sir Walter Peregrine, and a Captaine.

They are here allready.

Bel. Oh ! let me flie into his armes, my *Peregrine*.

Sir. My best of life !

Bel. Let teares of joy salute thee,
Wellcome, ten thousand wellcomes.

Sir. I embrace

Millions of blisse in thee, but let not our

Joy make us unmannerlie, bestow

One welcome on my friend.

Bel. Your pardon, sir,

If after many yeeres of absence, I

Dwell long upon a husbands entertainment,

And if you thinke I have exprest a truth

Of joy to see him, you will easilie

Beleeve the man, whom hee calls friend, is welcome.

Cap. Madam, you honour mee, it were a sinne

Not

Not to bee confident.

Sir. And are wee met?

Bel. Never I hope to part agen, 'tis time
Wee now should grow together.

Cap. You'le dispence
With mee for some howers, I have friends expect
At my returne a visit.

Sir I shall not
Desire you to let fall no mention
Of mee, the litle stay I purpose here,
You may imagine, carries danger with it.

Cap. I Hope you know me better.

Exit.

Sir. Noblest friend.

Bel. I heard some words sound most unkindly from you,
You nam'd a litle stay, have I scarce seene
My happinesse, and must be sad againe
To thinke it will so soone be ravish'd from mee?

Sir. Alas my poore *Bellamia*, I have made
No purchase but of wounds, since my departure.
I have paid some debts of warre, but cannot promise
To cancell one, that threatens mee at home;
What wee have more then to supplie our wants,
Consumes on the Drum head, I was ambitious
To see thee, and this gentleman returning
With expectation to levie men

Gave mee the opportunitie, but I dare
Promise my selfe no dwelling here, scarce owne
My face before a sun-beame, I must walke
I'th darke to all the world but thee, *Bellamia*:

But trust mee, when my body is cal'd hence
By miserie of my fate, it takes not all
The soule it brought, much staves to waite on thee:
I know it would afflict thee more, to see mee
A prisoner, chain'd to heavie debts, and shame.

Bel. Thy state is not so lost, and miserable,
As 'tis presented in thy feares, looke here,
And thanke a providence, that smiles upon us;
This is recover'd, wee have some Land

Agan, by whose revenue wee may live,
And expect better fortunes, I have Jewells too,
Bright ones, and rich.

Sir. You have indeed.

Bel. Possesse

What I enjoy, and let us live together.

Sir. It cannot, cannot be, alas *Bellamia*,
How flattering imagination would cozen us,
I am beyond sea still, in my cold Tent,
Where, though my sleeps be broken with the noyse
Of warre, I now securelie dreame of thee,
And of my comining home, and talking to thee,
That thou art rich in land agen and Jewells,
Shadowes, meere shadowes : I am wearie of
This dreame, some charitable cannon wake me.

Bel. Sir you may trust your eyes, these are no formes, in aerie
apprehension, but the truth of things, that call you to be-
leeve, and use them as timeliè benefits : yet I may allow you
to wonder, there's a story will deserve it.

Sir. I know not what I feare, dee thinks 'tis true then ?
I will have reason for this faith, pray tell me,
How came you by this wealth, certainlie I left
No summes to purchase these, more my iniustice
To thee, whose plentiful estate I ruin'd.

Bel. A friend, a noble friend.

Sir. That died, and gave thee
A swelling legacie, and thou hast made
This use on't to release thy desperate land,
Buy thee a Carkanet, and this proud blaze
Of other Jewells.

Bel. If you please to heare mee,
I must declare, these are the bounty of
A living friend.

Sir. Living ?

Bel. A Gentleman

Sir. A Gentleman ? forbear I am not well.

Bel. One you are bound to honour.

Sir. That's undone me,

Do not, do not name him,
I know, and feele too much.

Bel. Beleeve me, sir,
My storie's full of innocence, and when
You have more knowledge of this friend, you'll quit
Your feares, and call him to your hart.

Sir. My hart
Is very busie, yet you may tell mee
His name, to whose strange bounty I am so oblig'd.

Bel. More to his virtue, though his title
Carrie the shine of honor, he has a soule
More glorious; have patience but to heare mee,
You will confesse it, and reward his pietie
With praise above a man, and be in love
With him your selfe.

Sir. In Love—

Bel. The Lord *Fitzavarice*.

Sir. Ha? the wanton Lord *Fitzavarice*.

Thou most undone of women, did my absence
So forfit me, or ebbe of wealth corrupt
Thy giddie soule, thou couldst imagine, I
Would thanke thy lust to peece up my wild ruines?

Transforme mee gentle Heaven,

For if I be a man, and hold the knowledge
Of this dishonour, I shall doe an act

Equall to this, and murder this false woman.

Have I thought life not tedious for thy sake,

And in my povertie summ'd up wealth enough

But in my hopes to see thee, were my winters

Not cold, when I but thought I had *Bellamia*;

Were all the toyles, and troubles of my spring,

Not valued for this harvest? curse upon

Thy Salarie, were it a price to buy

All Kingdoms, that the Sunne e're shed a beame on;

Earn'd from thy bodies infamie, I'de choose

To live i'th galley first; and chain'd to'th oare,

Give up my breath through torture. I'll to prison,

And wellcome all the stings, that want of libertie,

Disease, and famine, can let fall upon mee,
 And call thee yet more killing then all they,
 Till my hard Creditors forgive mee in pittie,
 And curse thee into all I have suffer'd,
 Wives shall accuse thy periurie, whose act
 Is able to make all the truth suspected,
 And Virgins frighted at thy name, resolve
 Never to marrie, while the race of men
 Curse thee, for whom they nere shall spring agen.
 But I let passion foole mee, and my tamenesse
 May prompt thee to more sinne, I'll bee reveng'd;
 But first on him, that grafted shame upon mee:
 It shall bee thy first punishment, to see
 Him bleeding, where is he? come what fine conveiances
 To keepe your Goate close, till time play the baud,
 And secure all your ruttings? I must finde him,
 Appeare then staine to honor, Lordly divell:
 Where art? *Fitzavarice? Fitzavarice!*

Enter Dormant.

Whose reeking squire are you sir, ha my Lords?
 Shew mee strait where this Fox doth Earth himselfe,
 Or I'll —————

Dor. I know not where my Lord is, but ther's one a Bed.

Sir. A Bed, expecting her, where?

Dor. But hee's asleepe, you'll wake him.

Sir. Shew mee villaine quicklie.

Dor. Oh, this way, sir.

Exeunt.

Bel. Has miserie a name beyond my suffering?
 Hath love, and fortune both conspir'd to drop
 Their stings into my bosome?

Within. Helpe *Dormant.*

Enter Sir Solitary in his shirt persued by Sir Walter.

Plo. A plott, a plott to murther me, hold, what art?
 My Nephew; ha!

Sir. 'Tis not he, Uncle you must
 Excuse my complement, he shall not sic mee.

Exit.

Plo. Who goes about to sic? he did not wound mee,
 A naked man is soone undone, 'tis wisdom.

The Example.

To sleepe hereafter in a shirt of Maile,
When came he hither, from the nether-lands ?
Hee is sent upon some murdering designe;
But why with his sword drawne, why not a knife ?
Some great man is in danger, ha ! my Neece weeping,
I'le sift her, *Bellamia* ?

Bel. Oh my husband, sir.

Sol. Nay, then there is a plott, whom would he kill ?

Bel. The Lord *Fitzavarice*.

Sol. I knew it was some great man must be visited
Beneath the ribs, men of such vast estates
Are not long lived.

Enter Dormant.

Dor. I know not what to do, sir,

Sol. Hee's i'th conspiracy, reveale the plott to me.

Dor. My fellow *Oldrat* mett him, sir.

Sol. Ha, more traitors.

I did suspect that fooles simplicity,

What man is to be trusted ? if these men

Thrive in their first attempt, the stat's in danger.

This *Oldrat* is a politician.

I'le stand upon my guard, entrench, and dare

The Ghost of *Tilly*.

Dor. 'Tis not verie warme, sir.

Sol. Your cold considerations are best.

But I'le to bed agen.

Dor. They are here, oh !

Enter Sir Walter, Bell : and Oldrat.

Sol. Away.

Shall wee bee never free from plotts ? *Exit.*

Sir. Wal. Has he beene gone this hower sayst ?

Old. Yes, and please your worship,

Would I were well gon too. *Exit.*

Bel. Yet will you heare me, sir.

Sir. And trust the language of your teares ? they're false,

Your gamester shall weepe blood : here we untwist

Our harts, set up o'th trade, the youth will joyne.

Thou maicst be still *Bellamia*, but not mine. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Quartus.

Enter Sir Walter, and Captaine, as coming from a Tavern.

Within. All's paid, and yee are welcome gentlemen.

Cap. So, so, this Tavern was well thought upon:

In my opinion, 'tis a great deale better
Then to have trusted your owne passion
In such a cause, which easilie might engage you
To danger, when your rage grew high, and loud.

Sir. I have obey'd your counsell: you wil carry this?

Cap. I have promis'd you.

Sir. And yet you must acknowledge
The wrong is greater then to bee contain'd
Within this narrow lease, and till I have
Reveng'd, it swells each minute to a volume.

Cap. My Lord is noble this way, and be confident,
Will render you an account, worthie his person,
Though I am sorry to salute him first,
With a defiance.

Sir. Sha't not for all the World
Doe thy selfe preiudice in his favor, i'le
Disengage thee agen.

Cap. Now you dishonor me, though he has bin pleas'd
To use mee nobly when we met at *Bergen*,
That must not barre the office of a gentleman
To his friend: he has been a Soldier himselfe,
And must grant this an act of my profession.
You are certaine he has done the injurie?
For 't is not safe to trust suspicion,
In things of this high nature; Life and Honor
Must not bee question'd upon naked feares,
And windie suppositions, pardon mee
This plainenesse, you imagine I dare fight.

Sir. Shall I beleeve 'tis day, when I behold
The Sunne disperse his beames about the World?

Doe I know cold, or heate, or when I thirst?
 Shall I be confident we talke together?
 My cause will aske the same degree of faith,
 As built on equall certainty.

Cap. I urge it
 No farther:
 Is not that hee?

Enter Fitzavarice and Page.

Sir. 'Tis the same.

Cap. With-draw, be carefull of your selfe, I'll meete you
 At your Uncles house, and give you an account
 Of this imployment.

Page. Shee is an excellent woman,
 It's be no wrong to her goodnesse that I spend
 My childish character.

Lo. Th'art right, she is
 Indeed boy, and shews fairer for that goodnesse,
 I have done nothing yet to cherish her
 Rare pietie, or to deserue my pardon.
 I'll studie both.

Cap. My Lord, an humble servant —

Lo. Captaine you honour mee,
 Welcome to England, how doe all our friends
 I'th low-Countries?

Cap. Happie in being your servants.

Lo. When Landed you?

Cap. But this morning, I am fortunate
 In this opportunitie, my Lord, to speake with you,
 And to present —

Lo. Some letters, you oblige me,
 How does sir *Walter Peregrine*?

Cap. Well,
 If please you command your boy more distance:
 This paper comes from him. My Lord, I should
 Be guiltie of much sinne to your owne honour,
 Not to assure my selfe noble construction
 From you, I had no thought within this hower,
 To have brought more then my humble service

To your Lordship, which shall still be fairelie yours.

Pag. I do not like this soldads Embassage:

A challenge! some young Gentlemen that have
Strong purses and faint soules, do use to fine for't,
As Citizens doe for Sheriffes: the Towne swash-Bucklers
Practise these feates, and live by't; but my Lord
Hath beaten that opinion out of some,
It should appeare, all are not yet converted.

Lo. How's this?

Cap. He appeares noble, and not mou'd.

Lo. Are you acquainted with his discontents?

Cap. He has imparted some, but I have no
Commission to expostulate.

Lo. I thanke you,

You shew your selfe a Gentleman, and his friend.
He shall heare from me, I had ambition
To enjoy you longer: but the termes of honour
Threaten on both sides, know me for your servant.
Pray heaven he injure not the innocent Lady.
He has directed where to send to him,
And so againe I thanke you noble Captaine.

Cap. Your Lordships honor.

Exit.

Lo. This came unlook'd for, but I must not wave it,
O'th sodaine whom shall I employ? I cannot
Want friends ambitious of these engagements:
The next I meet.

Enter Confident.

Confident? Hee has profest his soule was mine,
I'll trie him for his body in this action.
Yet he that is not honest, dares not fight sure.

Con. My honorable Lord.

Lo. Oh Master *Confident*,

Your hopes thrive in your mistress?

Co. Your Lordship

Was pleas'd to advance 'em, she affects my wit,
And bold discourse, I turne and winde her soule,
Shee loves mee infinitelie.

Lo. I hope not, harke,

Be not too forward, I'm acquainted with
Her disposition, doe not flatter her,
Nor seeme to dote, shee'le triumph then : if you
Would make all sure, be rul'd by me, and slight her,
And shee will court you, 'tis the tricke of Ladies,
If you abuse her, 'twere not much amisse.

I would not have the wench undoe her selfe
Vpon this fellow. I advise the best
And speediest way, for I expect your promise,
When she is yours, to bring us more acquainted.

Con. Be confident my Lord, good manners will
Instruct me to allow you the first fruits,
It was the fashion of our northerne Princes :
And challenge it from your poore Homager.
I shall be as warme the first night with her Land,
And monie's. Then it seemes you have no hope
To spring her sister.

Lo. Since our last salute,
Icicles hang upon my lippe.

Con. My wife, for I
Dare speake her so, with siniles shall chase
That winter, and shoot spring throughout your blood ;
You shall not only from her lippe tast Cherries,
But she shall plant 'em with her amorous kisse
Vpon your owne, and they shall grow from thence
To tempt the Queene of Love to *Adonis* garden :
It shall bee happinesse enough for me, to watch
The *Hesperides*, but in no *Dragons* shape,
That you may risle with securitie
The golden Orchard, I shall boast enough
By having an *Elysium* to serue you ;
Her eyes are wealth enough to me, above
A rocke of Diamonds, her breath rich gummies
Sweeter then those the *Phenix* makes her Altar,
When she is her owne sacrifice, and fannes
The glowing Pile with her gray wings ; her voyce
Enough for me, whose harmonic would build
Vp *Thebes* agen, and make it after move,

And follow her; one touch of her soft paline
Is health enough to me, and were I old
As *Eson*, would restore my active nerves,
And state my youth at thirtie: I can gather
Warne Snow from her faire brow, her chin, her necky
And at my eyes drinke enough immortalitie:
Sated with these, I'll finde new appetite,
And come a wanton strawberying to her cheekes.

Lo. No more, you have exprest in this your faith
To me, which I am bound in honour to
Acknowledge, and without more study, have
A fit occasion to requite, and shew
How neare I place your love, there is a difference
Betweene another gentleman, and my selfe,
Growne to a challenge, I must answer it,
You that are so well read in bookes, cannot
Be ignorant of man, I'll trust my life
And honor with no second, but your selfe.

Co. My Lord I see you know me, and am blest
The chosen man to serue you, from a troupe
Of lives at your command, I should have envied
His fate, on whom else you had throwne this honor.

Lo. So resolute? you have not seene sir *Walter Peregrine*,
Hee's return'd.

Co. I heare some whisper—

Lo. I have nam'd my enemy, the defyaunce comes from him.

Co. Hee's jealous of his wife, good gentleman,
And woud be a cuckold upon record.

Lo. Call on mee

An hower hence, I'll be at home, laid use
Your friendship for the burden of an answer. *Exit.*

Co. I shall thinke Time hath lost his wings till then.
He put me to it cunninglie, but his
Discoverie releev'd me, though I make
A noyse i'th Towne, and am admir'd for bouncing,
I am coole enough i'th dogge-days: my Lords Scrivener.

Enter Scrivener.

Fortune presents him to my wish, the man

Of all the World most usefull to my purpose.

Scr. Master *Confident*, Rapture your most humble servant.

Co. When saw you the Squires *Vayne-man*, and *Pumice-stone*?

Scr. Not since I procur'd 'em a thousand pound; in *W.*

Co. Now you put me in minde of debts, has not *Scr.* *Scr.* *Scr.*

Sir *Walter Peregrine* a name within
Some list of yours? has he no creditors?

By your acquaintance *Scr.* *Scr.* *Scr.*

Scr. I beseech you doe not
Vex me with his remembrance. I have paid

Some monies for him, he has other friends
That would be glad to embrace him.

Co. Sure hee would not
Be such a traytor not to secure thee.

Scr. Would I could reach him.

Co. Why hee is return'd;
Within this foure and twentie howers, you may

Salute him too. Alas, a summe may bee
The ruine of thy fortunes, could he have

So little charitie?

Scr. I would shew
As much to him, if I could set my phangs on him.

Co. I have ever wish'd thee well, and if thou darst
Be secret, I'll direct thee to recover him,

I cannot say the deb't; may be, the Knight
Is poore still.

Scr. Hang him, Master *Confident*,
It will refresh my hart to be reveng'd;

Some say mens blood, I say their bones are sweetest.
I'de make him an example, I'll not tell

My shirt on't, how honest Master *Confident*?

Enter Sir Walter.

Co. Fate dotes upon thee, he, the very hee,
Be art-full, j'lle salute him, and delaie

His pace with some discourse, whilst you
Fetch shoullder-clappers, noble Sir *Walter Peregrine*,

I feele a spring-tide in my hart of joy,
Swell to congratulate your safe returne,

The Towne has droup'd for your societie.

Sir. You are still the elegant time wit, I am happy
To witnesse both your braine, and body flourish.

Con. What news abroad? all expectation
Is fixt upon this summers warre, wee breath
Nothing but German aire, allthough the chance
Of warre be uncertaine, you can tell which hand
Is fortunate, how ha the Dice runne hitherto?

Sir. Ther's not much wonne, or lost.

Con. No Townes of note
Taken? no convoyes of provision
Cut off?

Sir. Sir you are inquisitive, as if
You would turne Gallobelgicus, I am
On some affaires now, that importune their
Dispatch, my stay being short I must attend them.

Con. Nay prethee Knight be courteous, 'tis an age
Since we convert, i't true what lou'd fame scatters
Of the great Generalls revolt?

Sir. Wee have
But the relation.

Con. He is slaine for certaine.

Sir. There was an execution.

Con. And what treasure
Was taken by the enemy? they talke
Of Millions.

Sir. Enough to keepe the Eagle
In a good diet. I beseech you pardon me,
We shall hereafter meete, and ha more freedome
To enlarge our selves, & when you have my particulars,
I will be bold to inquire in the Exchange
Your newes at home.

Con. I obserue trouble in you,
I hope y'are in no danger.

Sir. If you le give mee
The liberty of a subject, and allow me
The Kings high way, I shall have lesse suspition,
You wonot pay my debts.

Con. I beg your pardon,
Pray doe not wound my service to you with
A jealous thought, I wonot for the World
Engage you another minute.

Enter Scrivener, and Officers.

Now for the blood-hounds.

Off. Sir, we arrest you.

Sir. Is the mischief false?

Off. Your sword shall keepe the peace.

Scr. 'Tis at my suite.

Sir. Thyne?

Scr. I doe but lead the dance to twenty more.

Sir. Heare me, what's your demaund? let me not goe
To prison.

Scr. An action of a thousand pound more;
For the Lord *Fitzavarice*.

Sir. Ha? then I am betray'd, that Lord's a villaine,
That I could reach his hart; release my body
But for two howers, my soule be forfeited
For ever, if I render not my selfe
Your honest Prisoner.

Scr. That were a pretty jest.
Looke to your charge.

Co. Here is a duell taken up discreetlie. *Exit.*

Sir. Blacke Jew, base Lord, dam'd villaine.

Scr. They can tame you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jacintha, Vaine-man Pumiceston.

Ia. Why looke you gentlemen, I'll not puzzle you
To finde out dangers, famine, fire, and sword,
Or desperate things.

Va. Trifles for thy sweet sake.

Pu. I would not wish you, upon easie termes.

Ia. To prevent these, I have thought a way my selfe,
And with lesse cost, to try' you, I have made
A vow I wonot marrie these six monthes,
During which time, if you dare for my sake
Visit me every day, and never speake to me,
Nor in my company to any other——

Va. How Lady ?

Shall I not answer any gentleman
Or Lady, that shall put a question to me ?

Ia. By no meanes.

Va. You will give me leave to answer you,
If you should aske me any thing.

Ia. Not a syllable,
Though I desir'd to know what a clocke 'tis,
Ther's your obeydience, at six monthes end
I may reward your silence.

Pu. Shee'le make him the dumbe Knight.

Ia. I wonot engage you to be a mute
So long, you shall be allow'd to speake, and see me.

Pu. You are noble Lady.

Ia. But with this condition,
That whatsoever I entreate you say
Or doe, you put in act the contrary.
The very contrary, you understand mee!

Pu. How's this ? if you cominand me to affect you,
What can I doe ?

Ia. I wonot bee so cruell.
If these conditions please, you may proceed.

Va. But harke you Lady, I may laugh before you,
And in your absence have the libertie
To use my tongue.

Ia. What else, sir.

Va. And when must I beginne to mummie ?

Ia. I'll tell you.

Pu. Another word,
If we be just to your commands, deere Lady,
At six monthes end, how shall we both be satisfied ?
You have forgot the statute.

Ia. Hee that shall
Expresse most care to doe his penance for mee,
Must be the man, I say no more, imagine.
My Lord *Fitzavarice*.

Enter the Lord Fitzavarice.

Now beginn's your triall.

Lo. How faires your vertuous sister Ladie Peregrine ?

Ia. That Gentleman can tell you.

Lo. He tell me ?

Ia. Yes, he had a message to deliver you.

Lo. Sir you much honour me.

Ia. Nay, let him know't, here have beene turnes my Lord,
Since you were here.

Lo. Is shee in health ; you doe not mocke mee ?

Ia. If you love me, tell him the whole storie, prethee,
For my sake.

Pu. How shee Jeeres him.

Lo. Pox on your subtile shoulders, are you drunke ?
If I shall thinke you Jeere me, be still silent,
I'll make you speake.

Ia. Ha, ha.

Hee kickes him, Vaime. Exit

Pu. Ha, ha.

shaking his head, and shoulders.

Lo. What doe you laugh at ?

Pu. At his follie my noble Lord.

Lo. 'Tis well you doe, sir, what's your meaning Lady ?

Ia. You shall know presentlie, if you intreate
That Gentleman to stay.

Lo. He is not going.

Ia. But your commands upon him will make sure.

Lo. Let me intreate you not to leave me, sir.

Pu. I leave you my noble Lord ? if everie sand
Within my glasse, were a long life, I should
Emploie 'em all in waiting on your Lordship.
And thinke the time were poore, and short to serve you.
I leave you my good Lord ? i' me not about it.

Ia. Pray, sir, staie.

Pu. Your Lordships humble servant, some affaires
Presse my departure.

Lo. You'll not mocke me, sir ?

Ia. You shall stay.

Pu. Ladie I am gone, my Lord, I must beseech
Your pardon, for the world, I dare not slippe
A minute:

Ia. Then go, you may go.

*Vayne-man,
makes pitifull
signes, and
shrings.*

The Example.

Pa. Not for a Kingdome Lady, I will stay,
And grow here for your service.

Lo. How came these gentlemen by these strange humors?

Ia. I'll tell you, sir.

Enter Lady Plott, and Dormant.

Dor. Sir *Solitary Plott*, your husband and my worthy Lord
and Master, commends his service to your Lordship, and praises
you would please to accommodate him, with your Coach.

Plo. This fellow's infected too with serious follie.

Dor. Towards midnight hee does purpose to take the aire,
And make some visites.

Plo. Visites and aire at midnight? pray returne
My Lord imbassador to sir *Solitary*,
I will give order when I goe to Bed,
To have the Coach made ready for his progresse.
Stay, I have a great desire to see his worship,
Has he the same complexion still? I prethee
Leave of thy gravitie, and answer me,
Is he in Bed?

Dor. No Madam, a most strange
Disaster broke his sleepe, and we shall be
At counsell presentlie, do not I talke
Allready like a states-man?

Plo. It shall be so, come neerer.

Lo. This your device: 'tis pleasant and persue it,
Your sister—

Enter Lady Bellamia.

Plo. Bee you sure, and secure, *Jacintha* you must
with me.

Exit Dor.

Ia. Whether?

Plo. To my husbands Chamber.

Lo. Madam, your husband is return'd I heare.

Bel. I hope you have not met.

Lo. Why noble Madam?

*Enter Vaine-man as peeping if my Lord were gone,
and beckons to Pumicestone.*

Wee shall be friends if you have mercie, to
Forgive what's past, my soule shall not deserue

His.

His ill opinion, I hope all is well betweene you two.

Bel. No harts did ever meete
More lovinglie, untill he saw _____

Lo. What, Madam?

Bel. The presents that you sent me.

Lo. It was my feare. *Ia.* Servant.

Pu. Madam.

Ia. My dumbe Knight too, we shall have the more mirth. *Ex.*

Bel. Would I had beene poore still, although you bring
All innocent thoughts. My Lord, I must beseech you,
Never to see me agen, oh never, sir,
It will be dangerous to expresse your virtue,
And every minute you staie here, is fatall,
Alas I feare hee's come.

Enter Confident.

Co. My Lord, I have beene active,
And all my bodies in a bath to finde you.

Sir Walter Peregrine is arrested.

Lo. How?

Bel. Oh miserie of miseries!

Lo. Looke to your mistresse.

Exit Lady, and

Co. Her Ladiships pardon, I obseru'd not her *waiting-woman.*
So neere. 'tis verie certaine.

Lo. I suspect

This knave, alas poore gentleman, and yet
Tis no misfortune to me, things considered:
Now he is safe, and I may walke securelie;
In Prison let him lie and coole his valour:
I shall bee in charitie with the tribe of varletts,
For this good turne, this taking him i'th nick,
And owe the wretch a summe, for being so fortunate
To set the Mastives on him, I owe thee too,
For thy good newes; come *Confident.*

Co. To my ambition.

Dee heare my Lord, the good newes is not all
You owe me for, I knew it would be gratefull;
You owe me for the act, it was my wit
Betrai'd him to the arrest, held him in prate
Whilst the honest Knave your Scrivener fetch'd the vultures

With phangs keene as the Divells.

Lo. How I am bound to thee?

Con. I knew t'was necessarie. Every man
That vowes his service, has not that extent
Of braine to bring about these fine things for you.
What thinke you of the mamoseile, his wife now?
You have no opportunitie, no power
To humble her proud bodie, while her husband
Setts up a friperie with his gaie wardrobe;
Grows into new acquaintance with diseases,
And comfortable vermine; breakes stone walls
To shew the proverbe, and his hunger mightie;
Curfes his Starrs, and learnes to cant, and praise
The steame of ale, with an unchristian tost in't;
Doth reverence *Barmudas*, and the ghost
Of cheefe, with the Egyptian Idoll *Onyons*,
And crusts to breake an *Elephants* tooth. All this
I ha done for you, my good Lord.

Lo. For which

I must pronounce thee a rascall; sordid wretch,
Was this your act for me? curse on thy soule for't,
My honor bleeds to death, see me no more.

Enter Scrivener.

Scr. My Lord.

Lo. You are come in a good time, sir.

Co. Are you so cunning my yong Lord, I must make my Ladies
Sure, ere hee talke, and tell her this; 'tis not
The constitution of everie Lord
To take unkindlie when a man compounds
A duell for him, if I bee driven too't
I can forswear't agen. Let valiant fooles
Brag of their foules no matter what they say,
A coward dares in ill, do more then they. *Exit.*

Enter Sir Walter Peregrine, Captaine, and under-Sheriffe.

She. Tis all the fayor I could shew him, sir,
To make my house his Prison.

Sir. Tis but hell, one storie higher.

Cap. You must arme your selfe

With

With noble fortitude, passion but unmanus us,
And makes us lesse for bearing.

Sir. Dost thinke friend,

The sense of all my debts could shake me thus?
I knew 'twould come, and in my feares examined
The mischief they present, 'tis not their weight
Affrights me, let the vultures whet their Tallons.
And creditors, with harts more stubborne, then
The mettle they adore, double their malice,
Had I a pile of debts upon me, more
Heavie then all the World, it could, but with
The pressure keepe this peece of earth beneath 'em,
My soule would be at large, and feele no burden;
That which I count my torture, exceeds all
That yet has beene in mention. At a time,
Almost the verie minute, when my hopes
Were ripe to punish him, and revenge had mounted
Her steelie arme whose fall had crush'd the soule
Of my fames ravisher, to be snatched up
By a wirle-wind thus, disarm'd of all my hopes,
My hands bound up, not able to releve
My bleeding honour: this, this murders mee.
And that all this should be his curst plott,
That gave me my first wound. *Cap.* Dee thinke my Lord
Can shew himselfe so dishonorable?

Sir. Can Lords

Be cowards? dost not appeare, when I am persued
By his owne blood-hounds? has he not laid on mee
(And what may not by this example follow
To sinke me to a dungeon,) all the debts
I owe him? nay is it not cleere, hee practises
Intelligence abroad, provoking others
To lay their summes upon me, that I may
Consume a Prisoner, and assure his lust
More scope to revell with my adulterous Madam;
My wife whose name is torment to my hart,
Bove all the engines ment to wound mankind.
Oh woman, that hast forfeited the glorie.

Of thy creation, and become mans ruine.

Cap. This is a circumstance I confesse, but yet
Cannot make me conclude my Lord so ignoble:
I know he had a wanton pile of flesh,
But a more noble soule, then to betray
His enemy so baselie.

Enter Sheriffe and Scriuener.

Sir. Ist not mischife
Enough to feele the crueltie of a prisoner,
But that black fiend must persecute my eye-sight
Th'adopted sonne of *Lucifer*?

Scr. I have a letter from a noble friend of yours.

Sir. Carry it to hell.

She. Correct your passion,
And leave your understanding free, to know
Your happinesse, this man howe're your rage
Let flie at him, will deserue better Character,
When he appeares the meanes of your enlargement.

Cap. How Master *Sheriffe*?

Sir. He meanes of my enlargement?

Take heede how you do mocke me, sir.

She. Your Sword
Y'are free agen, each particle of a deb't discharg'd.

Sir. By whom?

She. Not a fee left unsatisfied.

Sir. I am in a Wildernesse.

Scr. You may come out when you please, if your worship
Will be at leasure to peruse this paper,
There is his name, hath beene at all this charge,
Who has commanded me to aske your pardon,
And on my knees I begge it, I am undone else,
For ever with his Lordship.

Sir. *Cap.* Lord *Fizavarite*?

Scr. It was without his knowledg, Master *Confident*
Charin'd me into it, the diuell did assist.

Cap. The diuell?

Scr. Yes, we three, I am forrie for it,
And if your worship have occasion

To use a hundred pceces more, I have'em
 Readie at your service, pray entreat him to
 Accept it, I expect no scribbling for it,
 Nor use, nor principall, nor his word; but to
 My Lord, that I may be the driver still of all his monies.

Cap. I was confident, and long since cleer'd his Lordship.
 In my thoughts.

Sir. Was there ever such a thing in nature?

Cap. You must take the mans benevolence,
 He is undone else, come there is no harme in't.

Scr. If they be not weight, I'll change 'em.

Cap. No, no.

Scr. I humblye thanke your worship.

Exit and Sheriffe.

Sir. I am all wonder.

Reades. When you finde all things fairely discharged, though you acquit not me, be pleased to continue a voluntary Prisoner for some few minutes, there is necessity we should discourse, and conclude something else for both our honours.

Cap. You must pronounce him innocent, had he
 Beene coward, as you thought him, at lesse charge
 He might ha' sau'd his honor, and secur'd your absence.

Sir. I beginne to be a sham'd,
 And my suspition cowardlie falls off;
 Yet certainelie all this proceeds not from
 Devotion to me, it is a bountie

He looks my wife should thanke him for, ha?

Cap. Now I see all are your emptie jealousies,
 But thinke and be convinc'd, were his thoughts foule
 As you imagine to your Lady, it

Had beene ridiculous to set you at libertie,

The only barre to his designe, lust is not

So tame, and foolish, common policie

would have instructed him to have let you rather

Languish and rot in Prison, be collected,

And thinke whom your false feares have injur'd,

A noble wife and friend.

Sir. I am too blame,

This act hath made me understand two soules.

The Example.

I'll take 'em both to mine, and aske forgiveness.

Cap. Your Lady.

Enter Lady Peregrine.

Sir. Forgive me my *Bellamia*,
Thou appearst white agen, and only I
Blacke with my false suspitions of thy goodnesse,
My Lord has given me a satisfaction
Large as his virtue; welcome to my bosome,
My best, my chaste *Bellamia*.

La. This is joy
Able to drowne my poore hart; but is all
This peace concluded?

Sir. Thus agen confirm'd.

La. Iust heaven hath heard my prayers, happy *Bellamia*.
What riches I embrace, what worlds of treasures,
In every kisse, how manie lives I take
From those sweet smiles?

Cap. Who could suspect this Ladie?

Bel. But I am lost agen, in what place am I?
Ist not a Prison? oh that sad thought shoot s
A trembling through me.

Sir. All is cur'd agen.

Bellamia I am free too, out of debt,
Nay I did wonder at it.

Bel. You amaze me.

Sir. Wast not a brave Physitian, that could cure
Two such distempers, when my soule, and fortune
Lay gasping, to recover both? 'tis done,
Done by thy friend, and mine, that honest Lord
Hath paid all, to the scruple of a fee,
What thanks shall we both pay him my *Bellamia*?
Can he hath done this miracle, allow
A place for lust within him? 'tis impossible.
But he is comming hither, stay not thou,
It will require more leasure to expresse
Thy gratitude, returne, and tell thy friends
The wonder first, that when I shall present
His person next, they may have spacious soules,
To admire and entertaine him.

Bel.

The Example.

Bel. I obey you,
Doe not allay this unexpected joy
With a sad change good heaven.

Exit

Cap. You will expect him.

Sir. Religiously, an age I'll wait for him,
I prethee stay, and witnesse with what cheerefulness
I'll aske his pardon.

Cap. He is come.

Enter Lord.

Sir. My Lord,
As you have made me object of your mercy,
By such an act of bounty, as noe times
Have gloried in, and in that shewne the cleerenesse
Of your braue soule, uncapable of staine,
Still let it shine with charity, and make
Mee confident of pardon, for an injurie
I blush, and dare bleede for, to shew repentance.

Lo. Are you then satisfied?

Sir. I am my Lord.

Lo. I was bold, but with no purpose to disparage
Your credit, to discharge some trifling debts.

Sir. They were great, my Lord, and must enlarge my acknowledgment, you have oblig'd two lives to pray for you.

Cap. And the whole age to admire.

Lo. You would encourage mee.

One word, your honor's safe agen. *Sir.* And happy.

Lo. Mine suffers, 'tis but yong and growing on me,
It bleeds by your suspicion, I was bound
To this expence, 'tis a malicious World,
And men are apt to imagine, I was glad
You were in prison, to preserve my skinne
with some excuse, this brand must not come neere
My forehead, though your sea be calme, I would not
Have my fame lost i'th tempest of mens tongues,
I have made no reply, in point of man,
To your challenge, and the noyse may be dispers'd,
Nor will what you are pleas'd to accept, render
Me lesse unquestioned, but beget mens feares
At a high rate I have brib'd your patience

H

Basely,

The Example.

Baselie, perhaps, their impudence will reach
To say, I have bought my passage to your Ladie,
And your consent to'th shame,

Sir. I will proclaime you
Noble to all the World, and my preserver.

Lo. Ther's nothing but your sword can doe me right,
We shall not trouble seconds, if you please
The *Captaine* stand for both, he is a gentleman
Knowne trulie valiant, which implyes he cannot
Deceive where he is trusted, I'le expect,
You'le follow as you are a Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Cap. He seemes troubled. What's the matter?

Sir. Didst thinke it possible so faire a Skie
Should be deliver'd of a tempest? *Cap.* How?

Sir. I'le tell thee as we walke, thou must not leave us.
That man is miserablief compell'd, that must,
To save his fame, be to himselfe unjust. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Sir Solitarie, Dormant, and Oldrat.

Dor. The Coach will be made readie.

Sol. So, so, lett's thinke and talke of something else:
Tim's precious, lett's talke wiselie, 'twill concerne us,
My braine is not in tune about my nephew,
Who knowes upon what plott he is sent hither,
The *Duch* are grand projectors, letts examine
Where he is gon now.

Dor. My opinion is, to kill some body, or other.

Sol. That would be knowne, and yet I heard a buzze,
Some noble Man was aim'd at, we were best
Say nothing, and discover him to the state,
We may be else in danger, and made accessaries
To the parricide, which is not as the vulgar
Interpreter, killing of a father, but
Pareem cedendo, killing of a Peere,
A Peere o'th land, marke that.

Old.

Old. I understand a *Procedendo*

Well enough, but who shall serue the writ ?

Dor. Vnder your pardon, how can
You prove he is a murderer, let him first kill
Some bodie, no matter who it be, and then you may
Discover him with a safe conscience.

Old. Laughs. *Sol.* What's the matter.

Old. I am of an opinion under correction that if wee
Should discover him, wee should not carrie it so
Privatelie, but it would be knowne, and then we shall
Be in as much danger o'th tother side for concealing it.

Dor. Laughs —————

Sol. Who's that ?

Dor. Now I thinke better on't, it cannot be conceal'd
Vnder your favour fellow *Oldrat*, for if we do not
Discover, the state will not be so wise, as we are,
And then 'twere pitie o'their lives, besids
If he go on to kill whom he list, and no bodie heare on't
He may undoe the Towne by degrees in a moment,
And neither we nor any that is hurt, the wiser for't.

Old. Laughs agen. *Sol.* Who is it laughs ?

Old. Not I, sir, ha, ha. *Dor.* Nor I, sir, ha, ha.

Sol. Stand both before me, is there not some spirit
I'th roome ? has not some conjurer a plot upon me ?
Cato was wise, and never laugh'd, but when
Out of his casement, he beheld an *Asse*
Eate Thistles, wher's the may-game ? will none answer ?
Sure they did laugh at me, but I'll prevent 'em,
And vex their spleenes, away. I wonot trust
A laughing visard, ther's a killing face
Behind it, oh the juggling of the World !
Am I ridiculous at home ? there is
Some plot in agitation. I smell a Rat.

Enter Dormant.

Dor. If please you, sir, there is a dumbe Embassador desires to
Speake with you.

Sol. A dumbe Embassador ?
When does he looke for audience ? of what nation ?

The Example.

Where in the Map is dumbe-land? I shou'd much
Affect that Countrie, let him have access.

Enter Vaineman.

I understand you are a dumbe Embassador;
Your businesse pray with me: you are no Lawyer,
Nor no divine I take it, are there no women
Nor Magpies in your Countrie?

Vaineman makes signes, and salutes him.

Sol. This fellow must have a rare understanding,
For nature recompenseth the defects
Of one part, with redoundance in another:
Blind men have excellent memories, and the tongue
Thus indispos'd, ther's treasure in the intellect:
Yet there may be a plott, hee's sent to obserue mee,
A state spie, but I'le cozen his intelligence,
And be as dumbe as he.

They make signes one to another.

Enter Pammiceston.

Sol. What are you, sir? *Pu.* I am his interpreter.

Sol. Oh then first answer me, how came he dumbe?

Pu. With melancholie, sir, he has a strange
Humor to crosse the methode of the World.

Sol. As how, sir? pray be plain.

Pu. Why, sir, to make
The night his time for study, talke, or businesse,
And never go to bed but in the morning.
But keepe this to your selfe, for 'tis a secret.

Sol. Study? what did he study praie o'th nights?

Pu. Why plotts, nothing but plotts: he did suspect
All mankinde, nay their shadowes in the hangings,
If they but laid their heads together, were
Dangerous, and talk'd treason, such a foole,
A serious foole was never before extant.

Enter Jacintha.

Ja. How does my Solitary Uncle?

Sol. Ha Cozen, forbear, we are engag'd upon
Affaires of weight, that's an Embassador.

Ja. What language does he speake?

Sol.

Sol. None, none; but this is his interpreter.

Ia. Interpreter, and yet he speaks no language.

Sol. Hee'le over-heare you, 'tis a dumbe Embassador.

I pray be gone, you are a woman, goe.

Ia. And can you get no other company

Then dumbe and mad-folkes?

Sol. Who is mad?

Ia. That Gentleman.

Be you but master of some sense a while,

I'le mak't appeare he has none. Come forward, sir,

Doe you obserue his motion? I intreate

He should come forward, and he plaies the crab.

Stand still, sir, I beseech you.

Pu. With your pardon

I must be in action, it does stirre my blood,

Which would congeale through cold else in my veins.

Ia. If it be beneficiall to your body,

Practise this motion still.

Sol. 'Tis very strange;

He now appeares a statue:

Are they not both mad? doe you thinke *Jacinta*

They have no plott in this, how came they thus distracted?

Ia. This grew mad with catching cold

A bed, and lying from his wife:

Sol. Cold causes are very dangerous.

Ia. You are something guilty on't.

Enter Lady Plott, Oldrat, Dormant.

Noyse within.

La. Pl. What if my husband be asleepe?

Dor. Wee'le wake him.

Old. Good Madam be not troublesome, doe not you know who I am? I charge you to resist us, come your waies, where, where be these traitors? let me see, where is sir *Selitary*? I thought he would ha shewne more wit then to conceale traitors in his house.

Sol. Traitors?

Old. Traitors, we looke for, and traitors we will have, And they be above ground.

Dor. I saw two suspicious persons come into the house with my

Owne eyes, and they must out, there they are, I'll take
My oath Master *Constable*.

Ia. Master *Vaineman*, and Master *Pumicestone* you two suspected
For traitors, oh the rotten harts of men!

Old. Reprehend them.

Your good Knight must goe too, goe cheerfully 'twill be the
better for you, if you discharge an honest conscience, you may
have the favor to hang tell you be dead.

La. Did ever any man was sure o'th gallowes, shake for?

Ia. This fright may worke some good effect upon him,
Many men have beene frightened from their witts,
Having none left, why ist not possible
He should be frightened backe againe into 'em?

Va. One word I beseech you, 'tis time to speake.

La. *Pl.* I hope you did not meane this for his cure,
I am not so wearie cozen of my freedome.
He that's full master of his reason, may
Be master of his wife too, which I like not.

Enter Lady Peregrine.

Per. My Uncle, sister, Madam. *Sir* Ha more plotts?

Ia. What's the news sister? you looke pleasantlie.

Pu. Your face is full of sunshine Madam.

Per. bleffe me, but what are these?

Old. We are subjects of command, shee'l discover us.

Per. Men? apprehended? what new feares invade me?

Dor. What shall we doe now?

Ia. E'en what you please.

Shee puls of their beards.

Per. Why this is *Dormant* your servant Uncle.

Old. Who would ha thought it?

Per. And your name *Oldrat*, what's the matter gentlemen?
Ha you an interlude?

Pu. If they be no officers, we can be no traitors.

Dor. I was *Mistris Jacintahs* plott, we did but act it.

Ia. I was desirous of a scene of mirth,
How farre wee should ha driven it, I know not,
Just so ridiculous are all your plotts Uncle, ha, ha.
You had your parts my brace of learned gentlemen,
Whom I doe discharge from feare and further penance.

Per.

The Example.

Per. Make not your selfe the generall derision;
Your drudges mirth.

La. Pl. Nay, let him have his humour.

Ia. If you have still ambition to be laught at,
And thinke it possible I can love such motleyes,
Come thus a wooing every day, I shall finde
Some tricke at last to make your worships famous.

Va. What thinke you o'this?

Pu. One of us is sure to carry her, what thinke you o'th de-
vice, and the worst come to the worst, for the thousand pound?

Va. We must agree, pay it, and be reveng'd.

Pu. Doe not you thinke you have undone us now,
And that we shall dispaire, and drowne our selves,
Or slippe out of the World in a cleane halter?

No, we will live to vex thee, for my part.

Because thou gavest me liberty to speake,

To shew I scorne to obey thee, and in malice

To thy injunction, I will never speake

Again, to any woman, in revenge,

Exit.

I'le be more dumbe then he was.

Va. And because.

Thou didst injoyne me silence, from henceforth

I'le practise talke to weary all thy sex.

I will be all, the everlasting talker,

And raile upon all women, till I have worne

My tongue to'th roote, I'le study presently

A satyre that shall eate thee through the bones,

And send thee first to an Hospitall.

Exit.

Sir. I see I am a foole, a melancholy

Suspitious foole, and all my plotts are nothing.

Ia. Lett's follow, and eyther make him mad outright,

Or bring it to a cure, your part's not done yet. *Exeunt.*

La. Pl. This will undoe me, now must I to Prison.

Dor. What dost thou thinke they meane *Oldrat?*

Old. I thinke? I hope they meane well,

And lovingly, and let us like honest servants

Into the sellar and pray for'em.

Dor. A match.

Exeunt.

Enter Lord, Sir Walter, and Capitaine.

Sir. Then nothing will prevaile but we must fight?

Lo.

The Example.

Lo. And no place more convenient, draw sir *Walter*,
And *Captaine*, now indifferent friend to both,
For I have no suspition thou canst staine
Thy selfe by partiality, witnes with
The hart I bring, I have no thought so blacke,
As murder, or revenge, but to preserue
My honor, which no balme can cure, if once
But the suspect of coward fall upon it.

Sir I am not so unjust my Lord to doubt your courage.

Cap. you have given prooffe my Lord abroad,
That you dare fight.

Lo. Though I affect no glory
From actions of this nature, yet the World
At home must be convinc'd, our fame is lost else:
Had *Peregrine* beene coward, or not knowne
For valour, I had runne lesse hazard of
My fame, by being silent, but as I am
Beneath him in opinion, a yong man
Circled with expectation of something,
That must declare mee worthy of a name,
And love of men, I must attempt this danger :
But let me tell thee this, which perhaps may
Render thy sword more fatall to mee, I
Did love thy Lady with a sinfull purpose,
Persued, ever persecuted her chaste soule,
To satisfie my wantonnesse, but found
An innocence so rich in her, as may
Alone excuse the ill of all her sex,
Nor has the goodnesse only the effect
To preserue her, but it return'd my eyes
With so much shame upon my selfe, that I
Threw off my lust, and doted on her virtue,
Heaven shut his mercy up if I dissemble,
This unjust obligation to cherish,
I did reward with trifles, which perhaps
Gave fewell to your jealousy, but know
I have design'd a larger recompence,
Which your sword may confirme to her in few minuts,

The Example.

For if I chaunce fall by it, shee is declar'd
The heire to my estate, and she deserues it,
Which sheele employ, no question, to assure
Your peace, and pardon for my death, come on, sir.

Sir. I am more lost then ever, let my wonder
Be past, or you will fight against a man
Whose soul's a great way off. Didst heare this *Captaine?*

Cap. With pardon of your Lordship, since you have
Declar'd so freely, what I thinke winnes credit
With him too, your intentions to his Lady:
There is no cause, you should engage your bloods, To any losse.

Sir. You are my preserver, sir,
Make me not so ingratefull to advance
My sword against your life, that gave me all
The benefit of mine, I have assurance
Enough of you, and my wifes honor.

Lo. Ther's
A purse of gold is troublesome, it may
Be usefull to'th surviver, come, sir, fight
By thy owne Ladies virtue, I shall else provoke you rudelie.

Sir. For her sake my Lord, we should bee friends.

Lo. That wonot helpe my fame,
Nor yours, if you regard what threatens it,
I must not live upon the charity
Of peoples tongues, their justice shall acknowledge
I doe not feare to bleed, let it be argument
To inflame thee, that thou majest be happier
Vpon my losse, since my last minute gives
Thy wife possession of all my fortune.

Sir. That rather charmes me from each violence.

Lo. This must compell you then, till now I never
Thought thee ingratefull, by thy fame I charge thee,
By thy *Bellamias* love, fight not with pittie,
Let me bee worthy at least to fall with honor,
Fight so, as howsoever fate determine,
I may get honor, though in death, and not
Suffer without a wound. *Fight both wounded.*
So her's some blood yet.

The Example.

Sir. I did but imitate my Lord your Character,

Cap. Blood of both sides, nay then I interpose,

As you are gentlemen, for other titles

Weigh nothing here, be just to both your honors,

You have done well, exceeding well, unless

I shall conclude ther's malice on one side,

Be your selves now, and on such noble termes

Be reconcil'dagen, *sir Walter* is

No enemy at hart, and the World must

Be satisfied my Lord, in your just valor,

Thinke what blest providence has mark'd you both

For noble ends.

Sir. I'll trust him with my sword,

Which rather shall make next impressiion here,

Then be his danger.

Lo. I am overcome, take me thy Captive.

Sir. My most honor'd friend.

Cap. So, so, 'tis faire on both sides, but my Lord,
You bleed much, can you spare it.

Lo. Well enough, I'll wait upon you home.

Cap. First have a Surgeon.

Lo. What for a scratch? let me present thee safe,
To thy *Bellamia*, shee but with a smile
Can cure all wounds, come *Captaine*.

Sir. Wee both waite on you.

Exeunt.

Enter Jacintha, and Lady Peregrine.

Ia. You tell mee wonders.

Bel. I shall much repent

My discourse to thee, if it did not raise

Thy admiration, 'tis a noble Lord,

Thou art bound to make him restitution. *Ia.* Of what?

Bel. Of fame, you were jealous of our honours.

Ia. I have read the Chronicles, but never met
With a yong Lord has done the like.

Bel. To what

Virtue in time will he grow to *Jacintha*?

Ia. Virtue? ther's another thing, not usuall.
In men of his ranke, I allow a Gentleman.

To pay his owne debts, but another mans,
Want's a record, besides all this, to love
Another mans wife, a handsome woman too,
And be at cost to keepe her honest ? miracles.

Bel. What joyes flow in my hart. Thou art sad sister.

Ia. No sadnesse, but I have another passion, that troubles me.

Bel. You'le bee in time converted,
And leave your wild invectives against men,
Tis possible you may marry, if you could
Finde such another man to be your husband.

Ia. No, I wood not. *Bel.* What ?

Ia. Finde such another man to be my husband.

Bel. Thou woodst have him, how now my witty sister?

Ia. It cannot be conceal'd.

Bel. Has little *Cupid*

Beene practising with his bird-bolt, if thou bee'st not,
P'le wish thee hartelie in love, to punish
Thy want of charitie against all men
And marriage, 'tis but justice, may be not melancholic ;
He will be here presentlie.

Ia. He shall be welcome. *Bel.* He shall.

Ia. Be very welcome hither, he once said
If I remember well, could he but love,
He would marrie mee of all women alive.
My fortun's not to bee dispis'd, however
My hart is rich enough, but it shall languish
To death, ere I will tell him so.

Enter Lord, Sir walter, and Captaine.

Bel. But do'st love him
Indeed ? now but for pitie I could laugh.

Ia. You may triumph sister, you have cause.

Bel. And thou canst have no argument to despaire,
Come shall I tell my Lord ? *Ia.* What ?

Bel. That thou lovest him.

Ia. Doe him not so much iniurie, my passion
Can still walke in disguise, though I confesse
Since your relation, 'tis become more troublesome
To be confus'd, oh love ! I never thought

The Example.

To have felt thy sting, I dare not stay to see him ;
I shall betray my selfe with many blushes :
Farewell my Lord *Fitzavarice*.

Lo. Not so

Hee'le rather meet a welcome to this bosome.
Repent not Lady, y'are but lovinglie
Betraid, and 'tis my happinesse, I should
Have pleaded at this barre, in this prevention
I am doubly blest, be constant, and devide
With me both hart, and fortunes : thou must needs
Be excellently good in being her sister.

Ia. I must confesse my Lord, I honor you,
But not for any titles, although some
Woman may be allow'd the ambition,
But for your noblenature. *Lo.* I am confirm'd.

Sir W. But all is well agen, and must exalt
Thy truer joyes by finding us both live,
And knit into a peace no time can violate,

Lo. Let me salute *The Example* of chaste honor:
Sister I now must call thee, and shall glorie
To owne that title by *Jacinthas* love.

Sir W. La. All blessings crowne your wishes.

Cap. I have a hart to wish you joyes.

Lo. They will bee all a debt

To your noble care of us, Master. *Confident.*

Ia. One of my servants but not yett discharg'd.

Enter Confident.

Lo. You come to turne and winde this Ladies fancie
With your wit now, but your devices fadge not,
It is three minutes since shee was dispos'd of,
And though my stocke of braine will not reach, to
Make a large joynture of so many hundred
Sonnets *per annum*, and rare Elegies,
Some fresh, and some that ha' laine 7. yeeres pickled,
In other languages : yet shee'le be content
With a lesse witty fortune; my estate, sir.

Con. Tis happinesse enough for mee
To snuffe your marriage Taper, whose bright shine

Shall

The Example.

Shall put out the Worldseye.

Lo. Spare, spare your fancies.

But I'll not now arraigne you, if you meane
To have me, know me agen, chaffer some wit
Away for honesty, I couceale your shame,

Co. Ther's hope then of your pardon, when I rise
From what has iustitie forfeited my name,
To shew the World your chiding is not lost,
Your Lordship will not be asham'd agen
To owne me for your servant.

Lo. I shall be a glad witnes and admirer. *How now, musicked?*

Enter Dormant.

Musicke.

Dor. Wilt please you gentlemen to have a Song.
Sir Solitary, and my Lady are at it, he is growne
The most Joviall gentleman—harke.

Song.

La. Pl. *Welcome welcome, agen to thy wits.*

This is a holy day.

Sir Sol. *I'll have no plotts, nor melancholy fitts*
But merily passe the time away :
They are mad, that are sad.

La. Pl. *Bee rul'd by mee,*
And none shall bee so merry as wee.

Sir Sol. *The kitchen shall catch cold no more.*

La. *I'll have no Key to the buttery dore,*

Sir. *The Fiddlers shall sing,*
The House shall ring,
And the World shall see.

Both. *What a merry couple.*

Merry couple.

Couple, couple,
wee will bee.

Enter sir Solitary, and his Lady.

Str. Wee are new married Gentlemen, I must
Invite your Lordship for my guest. Your *Tunes*
Are melancholic. Welcome home my wandring nephew;

you shall bee welcome too, sir.

Cap. I'me your servant.

Sir. When shall we dance *Jacinta*?

Lo. Sure this humor

Is very yong, pray Madam is he serious?

Is there no plott in this?

La. Pl. Beyond my hope

He is recover'd sir, and I must stand too'r,

And turne a miracle, a Lady huswife.

Sir Sol. No more, least with the ioy I runne into

A madnes worse, then melancholie, you tell

Mee wonders: blesse my senses. And shall we dance?

Lo. I am for any mirth, the day requires it,
In which love too long blind hath found his eyes,
And leads the way to his owne Paradise.

FINIS.



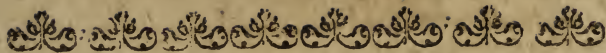
Epilogue.

PRaise a faire day at night the Proverbe sayes,
And 'tis the evening that must crowne all Playes.
For although writers may bee first allow'd,
To speake themselves, their judgements are too proud
That waving all authority beside
Thinke 'tis enough when they are satisfied,
Wee must appeale to you, vnles you smile
Wee have but cherish'd vaine hopes all this while,
But if you like, by this we shall best prove it,
You'll follow The Example, if you love it.

Imprimatur *Tho. Wykes.*

October 19.

1637.



Prologue.

T Will be a great Assize, how things will hit
For us appearing at this barre of wit.
Is most uncertaine, we have nam'd our Play
The Example, and for ought we know it may.
Be made one, for at no time did the lawes
However understood, more fright the cause
Of unbefriended poesie, since the praise
Of wit, and judgement is not now adayes
Owing to them that write, but hee that can
Talke loud, and high, is held the witty man,
And censures finely, rules the Box, and striks
With his court nod consent to what hee likes;
But this must bee, nor ist our parts to grudge
Any that by their place should bee a judge;
Nay, hee that in the Parish never was
Thought fit to bee o'th jury, has a place
Here, on the Bench for six pence, and dares sit,
And boast himselfe commissioner of wit,
Which though he want he can condemne with othes,
As much as they that weare the purple clothes,
Robes I should say, or whom i'th Roman state
Some ill-look'd stage-keepers, like Lictors waite
With Pipes for fasces, while another beares
Three-footed stooles in stead of Juory chaires,
This is a destiny, to which wee bow,
For all are innocent but the Poets now,
Who suffer for their guilt of truth, and arts,
And we for only speaking of their parts.
But be it so, be judges all, and bee
With our consent, but thus farre take me wee
If any meete here, as some men i'th age

Who understand no sense, but from one stage,
And over partiall will entaile like land
Upon heires male all action, and command
Of voice and gesture, upon whom they love,
These, though cal'd Judges, may delinquent's proue.
But few such wee hope here, to'threst wee say
Heare patiently ere you condemne the Play.
Tis not the authors Confidence, to dare
Your judgements, but your calme cares to prepare,
That if for mercy you can finde no roome,
Hee prayes that mildly, you pronounce his doome.





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